

COUNTRY LIFE

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Now on exhibition at

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

From a Painting by George Henry, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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BRITISH LIVESTOCK.

WE congratulate the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries on having produced a most useful book for the benefit of the British farmer. It is called "British Breeds of Livestock," and is issued at the most reasonable price of one shilling. Still, we venture to think that this small volume will be of the very utmost importance to all who are engaged in the cultivation of the land. At the beginning especially, the farmer, be he working on a large scale or a small one, is very much puzzled as to the breeds of livestock that he ought to breed and rear. If he asks advice, he will find that every one of his friends has his own fancy, and that each expert whom he asks is as likely as not to contradict all the others. The truth of the matter is, the farmer usually has experience only of his own land and livestock, which have nearly all been developed locally and flourish best where the conditions suit them. Thus a Shire horse was evolved in the heavy soil of Lincolnshire, and will do very well on similar ground; but it does not by any means follow that, because on a farm near Louth the Shire is the best horse to keep, the same would be the case, say, in the Lothians. And the Lothian farmer in his turn would probably make a mistake if he recommended his Clydesdales to a friend in the North of England. This is not a very extreme example such as could be brought forward to prove the case. If that were wanted, it would be enough to refer to the difference

between the draught horse and the hill pony. In cattle the principle holds equally good. If you take a Kerry cow out of its own surroundings and put it to graze on rich English meadows, it will soon lose its original character; so will a Jersey or an Ayrshire. There is, therefore, much to confuse the beginner in his task of choosing animals for the farm, and he can scarcely do better than consult such a book as is before us at the present moment. Those who are taking up small holdings may be specially recommended to study it, for the compiler has not hesitated to include as livestock the smallest animals kept by the occupier of a tiny holding. There is, for example, a discriminating list of chickens, and the characteristics of each breed are carefully set forth.

The birds are divided into four classes: Table birds or those suitable for fattening. These include Dorking, Sussex, Game-fowl and Indian or Cornish Game. There is a list of laying birds, or those most suitable for egg-production, in which half-a-dozen are enumerated, namely, Minorca, Andalusian, Hamburg, Redcap, Scotch Grey and English Leghorn or Italian. There is a list of general-purpose birds, or those suitable both for the table and for egg-production, and this includes Orpington, Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Langshan and Brahma; and, finally, there is a list of fancy birds, which, perhaps, is the least satisfactory. It gives only three kinds—Game Bantam, Bantam and Cocker. We imagine that people who are accustomed to send their birds to shows will not consider this satisfactory; but the excuse is that the book is not intended for the fancier, but for the farmer who wishes to breed fowls for their legitimate purpose, namely, for the table or for eggs. Ducks are divided in the same way, though here the choice is very limited indeed. It lies between Rouen and Aylesbury for the table, and Indian Runner and Pekin for egg-production, so that there is not much room for perplexity here. After this summary of the case for fowls there follows a more lengthy description, and the meaning of the different phrases used is rendered all the more definite because the standards adopted are those of recognised breeds issued by the English Poultry Club. Here there is very definite ground to go upon. At any rate, with the booklet of the English Poultry Club in your hands it is perfectly easy to understand the language of one who has adopted its definitions. We only wish that, though this is to digress a little from our main theme, something of the kind could be done in regard to colour. The vagueness with which colours are defined is a grievance which has been got over to some extent in the horticultural world by the issue of a chart of colours, in which each shade is clearly and adequately defined, a plan which might be usefully extended to the animal and vegetable products of the farmer, because some at least of these have to be ordered without being seen, and occasionally the colour is of very great importance. It would be a good thing, therefore, if a recognised chart were drawn up and brought into use by the entire community of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. We do not for the moment, in fact, remember any practical difficulty in the way of the adoption by farmers of the chart drawn up by the Royal Horticultural Society. It would be a step exactly in accordance with that taken by the Board of Agriculture in adopting as their standards those of the English Poultry Club.

In regard to pigs corresponding information is given. They are divided, broadly speaking, into two classes—the bacon hog and the fat hog. In this country it is the bacon pig that is held most in esteem. In America, the greatest pig-rearing country in the world, they have cultivated the fat pig to its highest standard. The points of a bacon pig, then, are given with admirable clearness and simplicity, so that if a man of ordinary intelligence about to start pig-breeding for the first time were to sit down and master this description, applying it to the very excellent photographs which are used in illustration, he would soon get into his head a very good notion of the sort of animal that ought to be in his pigsty. In regard to sheep the descriptions are excellent without being too elaborate, and the chapters on cattle and horses are quite admirable little treatises on these all-important branches of the farmer's livestock.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. George Henry's portrait of Lady Margaret Sackville, now being exhibited at the Royal Academy. Lady Margaret Sackville is a daughter of the late seventh Earl De La Warr.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



SINCE the last appearance of this journal a very remarkable man has passed away in the person of Sir George Newnes. To him must be accorded the merit of having revolutionised the light and popular literature of his time. The astonishing success of the publications which he originated signalled a complete change in taste; and during his lifetime he witnessed a literary revolution—the substitution of one set of magazines for others, many of which had been most popular with the preceding generation. This gift of foresight in regard to changes of taste was one of the greatest that Sir George Newnes possessed, and it extended far beyond the light literature in which he was chiefly interested. He was, for example, one of the first to appreciate the value of the motor; and many years before it took place, he anticipated the rubber and oil boom of the present year. In the ordinary relations of life Sir George Newnes was one of the kindest and most cheerful of men, ever ready to help and encourage those with whom he came in contact. He had the good fortune to possess a son well fitted to tread in his father's footsteps. Sir Frank Newnes, as he must now be styled, will, it is anticipated, become chairman of George Newnes, Limited, which since its foundation has been under the presidency of his father.

In these columns Sir George Newnes deserves particular mention as a sportsman. In early life he developed something like a passion for chess, of which he was to become a munificent patron. If money were wanted for any chess project, it used to be the invariable custom to appeal to him. He was also a very good golfer, and at one time frequented the links as much as was possible to him under the stress of business. Motoring he was also fond of. But in his later years the pastime in which he took most delight was yachting. He was cut out by nature to be a sailor; at any rate, he had a very great love of the sea, and never was happier than when aboard.

Seldom indeed are we able to publish an article with as much pleasure as we feel in that of Lady Tennant in to-day's issue. This is not because Lady Tennant happens to be the wife of Sir Edward Tennant, to whom the Gallery was bequeathed by his father, but for the very different reason that there is probably no one living who has a deeper and more enthusiastic love of these pictures. Those who have read her book, "The Children and the Pictures," will recognise this in a moment. Every page of it discloses some of that infinite love and care which she has bestowed on these canvases. Every point of draughtsmanship, every shade of colour, is as familiar to her as the Alphabet, and more than that, she has made careful and constant enquiry into the subjects of the various portraits, until she has almost a speaking acquaintance with "Mrs. Inchbald," "Lady Crosbie," "The Sisters," the little mites whom Sir Joshua painted and called "The Little Fortune-Teller." In her mind they have lived and moved as characters in an imaginary drama. Lady Tennant is therefore able to write on the Gallery with the authority that is born of the most intimate knowledge. In illustration of what we mean it would be sufficient to quote the delightful sentences in which she discusses the question of showing pictures by electric-light.

It suits the present mood of the public that Mr. Asquith, according to his own declaration, is communicating with Mr. Balfour for the purpose of holding a conference to settle the differences between the two great parties. During the heat of the General Election the idea of compromise could not be entertained by either party, but since then very great changes have taken place. In the first place, the King's death distracted attention from the controversies of the hour into a more solemn line of meditation, and when the funeral rites were over the nation emerged in a more serious and calmer mood. It was, therefore, impossible for the most ardent party politician to rekindle the fire of argument that had gone out. Moreover, the mere lapse of time has had a cooling effect. The country acknowledges that it has heard the case of both parties put in the most telling way by their foremost speakers, and it is now in a position to judge between them. At the most critical periods of English history the national spirit has always been inclined towards compromise. No side can expect to have everything it wishes, and by a little giving here and taking there a way out of the difficulty should be found without any violent disturbance of the existing state of affairs.

That Lord Kitchener should find himself in the ranks of the unemployed is something of an anomaly. At the same time, the country would not have been at all satisfied had he accepted the offer proposed of Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean. Indeed, to the lay mind there does not seem to be any special need for a military commander of the sea; surely that duty should devolve upon one of our great seamen. And, further, it is ridiculous to assume that better use cannot be made of Lord Kitchener's great abilities. Military affairs in this country are constantly being overhauled, but it is impossible to say they are yet in a position that is entirely satisfactory. We cannot, to use the famous words of Sir John Fisher, sleep in our beds with the knowledge that the military defence of the country is adequate. There is no man living who is better fitted to undertake a thorough organisation of the Army than Lord Kitchener, and before long he ought to be in a position to give practical shape to his ideas.

THE DEMOCRAT.

My little sister in her pram,
She shouts and waves to all the world,
"A jolly place," she seems to say,
"God speed us all upon our way."

I wonder, twenty years from now,
When she is tall and quite grown up,
If she will only shout and sing
To people who are—just the thing?

H. H. BASHFORD.

How the country has suffered from so many of its leading intelligences being exclusively engaged in the consideration of constitutional problems is apparent from a statement that has emanated from Manchester and the neighbourhood. It is signed by the Bishop, the Lord Mayor, the Director of Elementary Education, the Dean and others, and the purpose is to draw attention to a subject that has been unduly neglected. This is the care of the feeble-minded. Two years ago the Royal Commission issued its report and made certain recommendations, which were accepted and endorsed alike in the Majority and the Minority Reports of the Poor Law Commission. The Majority went so far as to say that the adoption of the recommendation of the Royal Commission would free the Poor Law administrator from one of his greatest difficulties. Undoubtedly the evil is a very crying one.

It seems, for instance, absurd and preposterous to the very highest degree that a person who has the taint of hereditary insanity in his or her blood should be arbitrarily confined while the fit of insanity is on and be let out during a lucid interval, with perfect freedom to beget or bear children and thus spread the taint of the most dreadful of all human diseases. It is also a frightful thing that the half-witted and the insane should be liable to be packed into workhouses with those who do not suffer from these defects, and these are but examples of a state of affairs that is crying aloud for remedy. The city of Manchester is entitled to great credit for bringing the subject prominently forward at this moment. It is perfectly evident that the present Government can embark on controversial legislation only at the peril of ending its own existence. Nobody wants a General Election for some little time, and therefore the energies of the House of Commons might be very usefully devoted to subjects such as this, which could be discussed without party feeling.

Already private approval has been expressed of the appointment of Sir Charles Hardinge to succeed Lord Minto as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. Sir Charles Hardinge for four years has held in the Foreign Office the position of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in it has given proof of those high qualities of statesmanship which are so very necessary in any holder of the Viceregal position in India. If family tradition counts for anything he ought to fall very naturally into the performance of his new duties, as his grandfather, the first Viscount Hardinge, was Governor-General about seventy years ago. Sir Charles Hardinge himself has had a great experience of foreign affairs. His first appointment was as Private Secretary to Lord Dufferin when the latter was at the Constantinople Embassy. Later on he became Secretary of Legation at Teheran. Before he became Ambassador at St. Petersburg he had been Secretary of Embassy there. Thus in Turkey, in Persia and in Russia he has had full opportunity of studying some of the problems with which the Governor-General of India has to deal.

An unexpected business feature of the present year has been the increased demand, in spite of all drawbacks, for land and country houses. The columns of our daily contemporaries bear constant witness to this, and it is frequently noted in *The Times* weekly review of the estate market. For example, early last week the greater part of Lord Derby's Hildenborough and Tonbridge estate was sold, amounting to about thirteen hundred and sixty acres, situated about twenty-seven miles from London. For the purposes of the auction it was divided into thirty-three lots, ranging from three to two hundred acres. We are told that the company consisted mainly of country farmers, with a sprinkling of City men and others on the look-out for week-end cottages and residences. The small holdings made excellent prices, and the total amount realised by the sale was over nineteen thousand pounds, which, however, included a farm at Seal of one hundred and seventy acres. It is not only land near London that is so much wanted, because we hear the same sort of thing from Warwickshire, Berkshire, Worcestershire and other distant counties. It is perhaps the after effect of that revival in agriculture which has already made a good beginning and is likely to develop and extend greatly within the next few years.

There is no doubt that there are more adders than usual this year on most of our Southern heath-land, which is favourable to them; and since the conditions have been on the whole very similar all over England, it is to be supposed that they will be numerous everywhere. There is some reason to think that the numbers of this, our only poisonous snake, have been slightly on the increase for the last year or two. Of course, the country people themselves know the difference between the adder or viper and the grass-snake, which is quite harmless; but nine out of ten of those who are not country-bred are quite at a loss for a means of distinguishing them. The general colour of the adder is rather variable, but, as a rule, it is of a brownish grey. What ought to be distinctive, however, is the dark zigzag which goes all the length of its back. This seems to be constant, though the ground colour varies, and if this be seen it ought to be known that the snake is of a kind to be feared and all chance of its bite to be avoided. It never grows to the size of the grass-snake, and an adder of two feet long is common.

Bird-lovers will heartily welcome the announcement that the question of protecting plumage birds is receiving careful attention in official quarters. Lord Crewe especially has been giving his attention to the matter, because it is felt that much would be gained if the whole of the King's Dominions Beyond the Seas would join with the Mother Country in drawing up and enforcing a prohibitive Act. In parts of the British Dominions certain birds are becoming rare, almost to the point of extinction, owing to the fact that their feathers are used for the adornment of women. If they are to be saved from extinction, very prompt action will have to be taken. One feels sure that the present Cabinet would be very alive to the necessity of doing this if an effectual method can be devised, as there are among them several ardent lovers of natural history, particularly Sir Edward Grey. Lord Crewe himself, who has the matter in hand, is, at all events, a lover of natural sights and sounds.

The mention of Sir Edward Grey's name recalls a thought of what must have been a most entertaining walk that he had with the ex-President of the United States before the latter left for home. Mr. Roosevelt prides himself above all things on being an out-of-door man, and he knows the natural history

of American birds probably as well as anybody living; at any rate, he makes great friends with the naturalists and those engaged in writing on Nature and the open air. It is no wonder, then, that he wished to make the acquaintance of the English birds that he had read of in books. He chose a very pleasant way of acquiring knowledge. That is to say, he devoted a day to taking a long tramp in the New Forest, and he took with him Sir Edward Grey that the latter might answer his questions and give him information generally. It must have been a jolly companionship, and the two pedestrians, when they arrived at their hotel in the evening, looked, in spite of the wet, as if they had thoroughly enjoyed the adventure.

If any inference at all can safely be drawn from the appearance of queen wasps in the spring, it seems certain that in the Southern Counties, at all events, we have to apprehend a season in which the "striped brigands" will be unusually numerous, for that is certainly the case with the queens which are the prospective mothers of the new brood. What this means in the first instance is, of course, that the royal ladies have been more than commonly successful in surviving the perils of hibernation, and, other things being equal, it seems certain that a large number of queens must imply a large number of future nests. It does not, however, follow that "other things" will of necessity be equal, and the number of successful nests seems to depend in the main on the character of the weather when the queen mothers are commencing them. If it is dry at this critical time, the queens make their nurseries in very unprotected places, where they are washed out or water-logged by the first shower of rain; but if it is wet, they seek better shelter, which serves as an effective protection, and the nests become populous. That, as it seems, is the condition on which their numbers in the late summer chiefly depend.

GLORIA MUNDI.

God in His solitudes shaping the seasons:
Gathered together the treasures of heaven:
Jewels unnumbered of gold and of silver,
Wrought into sunshine and starshine and lilies,
Sapphire and emerald, opal and ruby,
(Red as the heart of the year's reddest roses),
Flinging them down till the work was completed,
Heaven was bare, and on earth there was Summer.

ANGELA GORDON.

It is quite certain that in the category of the birds which are on the decrease in the British Islands we have to give a place, and rather a leading place, to the corncrake. Its cheerful but unmelodious voice is not heard in the land at all as often or as incessantly as it used to be. A good many people will tell you that the principal reason of its diminishing numbers is that it has a greater propensity than any other bird for dashing itself against telegraph wires, and, of course, it needs no argument to prove that the number of telegraph and telephone wires has increased enormously of late years. At the same time, this seems an inadequate and almost a fanciful reason to assign for the gradual extinction of a bird once numerous here. It is a theory, however, which received a striking confirmation in course of the recent amateur championship golf meeting at Hoylake. During that week alone the present writer was shown two corncrakes which had been picked up dead below the telegraph wire which traverses the course; and this, though it is no more than a single wire. If the birds were on migration it was certainly rather a belated flight; but if the writer was thus shown two of them, it is likely that there were many more similar victims. For all that, we are bound to think that the machine-mower has more to do with the decrease of the corncrake than any number of telegraph wires.

There is a picture of no little interest to cricketers among the works of the late "Wright of Derby," as he is commonly called, which have been on view for some while past at Messrs. Graves's Gallery in Pall Mall. It is a picture of two boys, of whom the one is holding a cricket-bat and the other is setting the bail on the wicket. The bat is curved in the blade, as all the bats used to be in the Middle Ages, so to call them, of cricket history, and quite properly so, because the bowling, for the most part, was all along the ground. But what is more interesting still than the bat is the wicket, which is composed of two stumps only, and those very short ones, with a single bail, which one of the boys in the picture is engaged in laying across from the one to the other. Wright lived from 1734 to 1797, and this picture is in his best style, so that it is safe to say that this kind of wicket was in vogue well after the first half of the eighteenth century, as, indeed, we know it to have been from other sources of information. The change to the

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three stumps was made because in a certain match on which much money was staked, for they used to bet heavily on cricket, especially on single-wicket matches, at that date, the ball frequently passed between the two stumps without

disturbing the bail. In the picture we are noticing, the ball may be seen lying between the stumps, and it is pretty obvious that it could easily go between them without touching either.

THE TENNANT GALLERY.

BY LADY TENNANT.

SO much has been written about the opening of this room on May 25th that there remains little more to be said, save that it has been a great pleasure to see every Wednesday and Saturday how greatly it is appreciated. The arrangements that had to be made for those days on which the Gallery is public are simple, and have

been satisfactorily carried out. The services of two Commissioners have been engaged from the hours of four to six. One of these men sits in the hall, opens the door, takes charge of sticks and umbrellas and asks the visitors to sign their names in the book that lies on the hall table. The other is the custodian in the gallery above, and sells the catalogues to those who wish



THE LITTLE FORTUNE-TELLER.

(Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

to take away with them a small volume that has reproductions in colour of eight of the pictures in the Gallery.

The room is large and well proportioned. The architect who designed it is Mr. Detmar Blow. Three windows on the north wall overlook the trees of St. James's Park, and one with a western aspect looks down Birdcage Walk, but is having its view greatly obscured by the large building

its quiet continuity and simplicity, for it satisfies without claiming the eye. The woodwork is painted in deep cream colour and primrose yellow. Great care and much time were given to the painting of these walls, for the effect desired was that given by the painting on woodwork you see in old houses of the Stewart period, where a deep and warm effect is produced by coat over coat of paint being laid on, some time after each



THE SISTERS.

(John Hoppner.)

that is in process on the opposite side of the narrow gate. However, we may suppose that having once entered the Gallery, people will not be greatly concerned, for the time being, with what is going on outside. They stand in a large room with a coved ceiling. Round the doors and windows there is carving of the bay leaf and ribbon pattern. Among designs that are intended as an accompaniment to beauty, rather than as an assertion of beauty in themselves, this is one of the best, in

individual coat has dried and hardened. To some pictures in the collection perhaps a darker background might be more sympathetic; but looking at the gallery as a whole, and the effect of the pictures as now seen there, one would not have the scheme of colour altered.

The Gallery will be better seen, however, during the winter months, for the electric light arranged by Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds has been adjusted to the character and varying size

of each canvas. It is a question that requires great care and nicety of feeling, this lighting of old pictures. How can some owners of old paintings bear to see them raked, as they so often are, by an inexorable glare of light - all their wan antiquity, their gentle fadings laid mercilessly bare, the very threads of their canvas showing through the pigment? This is not so in our Gallery. Some people may say, "But have you lighted it enough?" Or, again, "It is certainly lovely, but is there light enough, do you think?" And the pictures answer quietly, "Yes, we have light enough," as they glow like jewels from the walls; lips and eyes glisten, and there are little shadows among the ruffles on the sleeves and laces.

The summer light is hard on old pictures. Just as in life, however, the texture of a child's skin in its perfect freshness need have no fear to be found less beautiful with the sunlight full upon it, so among these pictures the children seem in this summer light to fare the best. Look at the faces of Charlotte and Henry Spencer in this picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called "The Little Fortune-Teller." One hardly knows which is the most



LADY CROSBIE.

(Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

pleasing in expression, the little boy, like a surprised robin, listening to something very new, or the little girl, like a confidential field-mouse, with a pleasant story to relate. They were the children of George, third Duke of Marlborough, and of Caroline, his Duchess. Charlotte was born in 1769, and in 1797 married the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., professor in the University of Oxford. Henry, who was one year younger than his sister, died at the age of twenty-five.

How many, it appears from old memoirs and family papers, of these radiant forms died young. Look at the picture of "The Sisters," by Hoppner, lovely Marianne and Amelia, whose names are reminiscent of a Jane Austen novel; and look again at the picture of the Ladies Erne and Dillon, by Gainsborough. All these fair women died early of consumption. In fact, the beauty of the picture of the Ladies Erne and Dillon is much impaired to me, by the ravages of this disease that are so clearly shown.

Marianne and Amelia were the daughters of Admiral Sir John Frankland and great-great-grand-daughters of Oliver Cromwell. The picture was painted in 1795, in which year



DOLORES.

(Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

one sister died, the other dying five years later. The colouring is deep and mellow. The warm rose russet leather of the portfolio that lies between the sisters is particularly satisfying. Their slender arms and delicate hands are lovely, and the posing of the figures is altogether more natural and convincing than it is in the picture of the Ladies Erne and Dillon. Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick is another of Sir Joshua



LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.

(Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Reynolds's pictures of children. She looks as if she might say, with the poet :

I stood, tip-toe, upon a little hill,

for she is very young, and might well make just such an innocent statement. Her landscape is the rough grassy outline of an undulating common, that might be full of blackberry brakes and gorse, and have a winding road in it, like the scene in Constable's picture of a gravel-pit in the National Gallery. But she stands alone, she and a single plant of sorrel, set against the sky. She was the younger daughter of John, second and last Earl of Upper Ossory, and of Anne Liddell, his wife, some time Duchess of Grafton. Her father was a great friend of Sir Joshua, and constantly wrote to him. Lady Gertrude died unmarried.

The picture of Lady Crosbie is a great favourite with many. How gay she is, and she advances to meet you with so happy an assurance that you will smile and be glad to see her too. She has rather an impish face, and I dare say had a laugh of an infectious quality, but there might have been days when she may have been too much of a rattle. He that loves a rosy cheek or a coral lip admires (and who does not ?) must be well pleased here. It is written that her presence was of so brilliant a nature, and that she had so compelling a vivacity, that on one occasion when she visited a theatre in Tralee the spectators with one accord arose and cheered her entrance. Her name was Diana. She was daughter of Lord George Sackville Germain, first Viscount Sackville. She married in 1777 John Viscount Crosbie, afterwards second Earl of Glandore. No child of hers lived beyond infancy, and in her letters, which show her to be light-hearted but not frivolous, she grieves over her



LADIES ERNE AND DILLON.

(Gainsborough.)

childlessness. The world must have been a brighter place for her being in it.

I like the picture of Lady Derby, which is not included in the illustrations. She was a daughter of Elizabeth Gunning, the famous beauty, and of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton. She became the wife of the twelfth Earl of Derby in 1774, and eloped from Knowsley with the Duke of Dorset. She died in 1797.

"The Leslie Boy" is a most exquisite picture by Raeburn. I only know one other picture of a child by this painter that I like as well, and that is the boy with the tame rabbit in the Diploma Gallery. Sir Henry Raeburn married the widow of Count Leslie, and the subject of this picture is her son by her former marriage. This boy was counted among those "that will die in their glory and never be old"—for he died by drowning while a child. Is that fine poem by Mr. Housman well enough known, I wonder ? Its lines occur to me when I look at this picture :

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell

The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern ;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell

And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like, and there's nothing to scan,

And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the corner the mintage of Man
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

This picture is one to be prized. Look at the laughing, friendly eyes in the shadow of the deep-brimmed hat ; and do you notice the fingers locked together ? He is playing that child's game of "Here is the church, and here is the steeple ; here are the doors, and here are the people ; here is the clergyman going upstairs," and then, while the hands turn slowly over each other and the thumb appears through the rounded fist of the other hand, you hear him say, "and here he is, saying his prayers." That is the end of that simple little finger-game, the Leslie Boy is playing ; and while you look back at him on this canvas, who can say that he has died ?



THE LESLIE BOY.

(Raeburn.)

"Opening the Lock" is not in the Public Gallery. It is a characteristic Constable. It is a picture of Dedham Lock on the Stour, and the spire of Dedham Church is seen small and distinct, dominating the landscape in the distance. There is a replica of this picture in the Diploma Gallery, evidently this identical spot only twenty minutes later in the same day, for the fine cloud that sags low in this picture, in the other is shown as letting down its rain and drenching the June landscape as only a cloud in a Constable picture can. Fuseli used to say: "Give me my umbrella, I am going to see Constable's pictures." And certainly they convince one of rain.

This is real English country in midsummer. The great dock leaves in the lush river herbage seem, as you look at them, to turn in the summer wind.

O June, O June, that we desired so!
Wilt thou not make us happy on this day?
Across the river thy soft breezes blow
Sweet with the scent of bean-fields far away,
Above our heads, rustle the aspens grey

All the taintless influences of the country are round one as one looks at this picture. Here are the willows with their leaning stems and their host of slender leaves against the sky. Here are silver-weed and tall comfrey, loose-strife and the cool reeds. The great clouds sail by, throwing their rolling shadows

"There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises be reported.

"And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished as though they had never been.

"For God hath chosen and appointed them to bring forth fruit, fruit that shall endure."

MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.

LAST Sunday was what is called "Hospital Sunday," that is to say, a day on which special collections are made in our churches for the benefit of what may be described as the noblest and most beneficent institutions in the country. It is impossible to conjecture what would become of the sufferers from painful diseases and no less painful accidents if the hospitals were abolished; but this, at least, is certain that thousands of people would be condemned to pass the last of their lives in agony. They are the refuge of those who suffer and are poor. Who gives to them gives to the needy and afflicted. They are the scenes of the



OPENING THE LOCK.
(Constable.)

on the sunlit earth beneath them, and the deep grass swings in the clean wind.

When one sees the work of the Great Masters one is fain to quote the Apocrypha, and say in this noble passage:

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power . . . giving council by their understanding. . . Leaders of the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

"Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.

"All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times.

most self-sacrificing voluntary work. It is no small thing that physicians and surgeons whose services are in demand by those ready and eager to pay fees that will make them rich are content to serve the poor for nothing. And theirs is no mere pretence of service. It is to the honour of a great profession that its most famous practitioners do not measure out their exertion in proportion to what it brings them in, but take as much thought and exercise as much care for the non-paying patient as for the richest. The appeal on Hospital Sunday is, however, annually less efficient, and this is not because the need is not fully recognised. Never was there a time when bequests were more numerous.

But the Londoner has undergone a change of habit. In an increasing number of cases he lives out of London, or, at any rate, spends his week-ends in the country. Church attendance

is dwindling, and it is a serious subject of speculation what is arising to take its place. Here it is not our business to discuss theological questions or point out the path of duty. One of the most decided characteristics of the age we live in is toleration, and whether a man attends church or not is entirely his own business. If he cannot in the light of modern thought accept its teaching, it is only common honesty to stay away. Yet the Church supplied, and to some still supplies, an element that we cannot dispense with save at the peril of falling back instead of advancing.

Looking at the matter purely from a worldly point of view, what was it? "Man shall not live by bread alone" is a dictum often applied by others than religionists. The artist who thrills to the scarlet glow of poppies among wheat takes more than the miller's view; he does not live by bread alone. And his is the pleasure enjoyed by all who are not bound hand

and foot by the sordid ties of care and money-making. To take delight in the sights and sounds of Nature, the young grass, glancing as it is swayed hither and thither by the restless wind, the sight and song of birds, sunlight and moonlight and starlight, the rippling song of the brook and humming of bees, is to find there something more than bread. No doubt an increasing number find a disinterested pleasure in Nature, and, indeed, give their doing so as a reason for not going to church. They claim to find

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Much sympathy may be felt for this view, which fundamentally is that the sacred writings are not found alone within the covers of any book, but are inscribed for those who can read them on hill and forest and tree and plant. But it would be absurd to say that a great majority, or even a large proportion, of those



J. M. Whitehead.

THE WINDMILL.

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A QUIET SANCTUARY.

who have ceased going to church go about the green fields seeking, as Wordsworth says, "a splendour in the grass, a glory in the flower." "No, to many the Sunday's occupation is summed up in two rounds of golf and a game of bridge. No blame is necessarily to be attached to them for that; it is entirely their own concern. Yet it may be worth while to ask if no substitute can be found for what they have lost. There is one thing to be heard in church as nowhere else, and that is the noble English tongue. One listens to the familiar sentences, and, recognising the boldness of the thought and imagery, the nicety of expression, the harmony and dignity of the sentences as a relief from the common everyday language with its loads of slang, comparable to a London garden to which one can escape for an interval from the dust and roar of the street traffic, the effect produced is closely akin to that which comes from reading poetry or listening to it. Even the pronounced rationalist may welcome

the change. He, if a wise and a cultivated man, avoids the arid desert of sheer materialism by taking refuge in one of the fine arts. To hear Shakespeare and Job are equally consoling. Poetry is a refuge. So is music, so is any hobby to which he is heart and soul devoted, and which he does not follow for gain. Again, there is the appeal to compassion and our other better feelings. Let a man pursue only his own ends persistently and with concentration, thinking only of money-making in his business hours and of pleasure when business is done, and half of his soul becomes atrophied. The exercise of philanthropy is not likely to yield for him any good result, since in these days it requires most careful thought and discrimination. We knew a great lady once who spent a large fortune in this way, relieving distress wherever it made itself articulate. Yet after her death a neighbour writing, and by no means ill-naturedly, described her as an institution for the

relief of the undeserving poor. Her intentions were good, but she did not see the difference between the loud insistent beggar and that proud deserving poor who acted in the spirit of that Spanish nobleman who in adversity only drew his cloak more closely round him and added fresh stiffness to his back. It is otherwise, of course, with many who make no pretensions at good works, but who go about the land knowing everyone they meet and are as ready with an encouraging phrase as with an alms. Such a one is happy in the happiness of others, and diverted and amused as a result of the interest he takes in their pursuits and pleasures. But from this happiness he is debarred who divides his energy between the scramble for wealth and a vain hunt for pleasure. No good either for the country or for himself can follow. It has been pointed out with absolute truth that the great nations of the world have always been the dreaming nations. England in action has generally been highly practical, but her literature is the product of a meditative people. Behind the great life of Shakespeare lies a world of thinking. And from Chaucer to Tennyson this country has been rich in men of a kindred type. Those who were not vocal found something answering the same purpose in church, and it is no unreasonable plea that those who have discarded the ancient fountain of comfort should seek for themselves as good a substitute as they can find and not allow the spiritual portion of their nature to suffer atrophy.

Our beautiful illustrations are chosen so that they may point the moral. The mill stands for utility, for bread, which

is the necessary sustenance of man. In our English villages the church was often built near the mill, and in this place it is used to typify those spiritual needs which give point to the text, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Those who built the mediæval churches were fully alive to the advisability of connecting them with the whole needs of man. Coleridge, in describing the typical English seaport town, says that the ship dropped "below the church below the hill, below the lighthouse top." In our older towns the houses are clustered close round the church. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of cathedral these are existing now, and these must have been existing to a greater extent before, houses of entertainment. It is but a step in many places from the church to the tavern. The reason seems to be that in those times it was recognised that the spiritual life and the physical life were one and the same thing, or, at any rate, so closely linked together as to be integral parts of the same corporal being. It is only in later days that doctrine has taken such a very abstract form and has become as it were a thing apart from life in which we only enter at stated intervals. We put this forward not by any means as an argument in favour of those changing their course who have withdrawn, because, as we have said before, this is a matter on which each individual must decide for himself. But it does show that the change which has taken place has left a vacancy which ought to be filled in for the sake of national and individual health of mind.

THE CHILDHOOD OF SIR FRANCIS BACON.

BY LADY SYBIL GRIMSTON.

THE title of this article may seem rather a pretentious one, as many people will think that everything that could possibly be written about Francis Bacon has already been written, except those endless discussions and dis-

coveries which constantly appear relating to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. In the many published lives of the great philosopher, so much is told of his later life and of his difficulties, so many volumes are devoted to discussing his literary works, that one loses sight of the personality of Bacon before he became great, and more particularly of Bacon as a child.

I am inclined here to quote an allusion made to the Bacon family by Peacham in his book on limning, which gives an idea of the estimation in which they were held by their contemporaries. It will make a fitting opening to the sketch of the childhood which follows. Peacham writes: "But certainly I know not what favourable aspect of Heaven that right noble and ancient family hath, who produceth like delicate fruits from one stem, so many excellent in several qualities, that no one name or family in England can say the like."

"The child is father to the man," so the adage goes and I leave it to others to judge if it applies to

Francis. I have in these lines endeavoured to throw a new and more specific light on the little genius at an age when not much was known of him beyond the fact that he was the youngest of the Lord Keeper's five sons. Two unique relics

of the childhood of the great Sir Francis Bacon, afterwards first Baron Verulam, are still to be found at Gorhambury, his old home near St. Albans. And the reproduction of these relics here is of special interest, inasmuch as it is the first time that they have been photographed or, indeed, portrayed in any way. The first of these is a small oil painting of Francis as a very young child. He is sitting at a table, patting an apple, dressed in a brown velvet gown, the sleeves of which are slashed with white, and he has a little white vest showing above it. Over his shoulders is a thick, double gold chain with a seal attached to it. It would be interesting to know what the seal is, but the picture is not clear enough to say. This interesting little picture hangs with other sixteenth century family portraits, and, although unnamed, it has been handed down by family tradition as an undoubtedly authentic likeness of the immortal essayist, and is so classified in an old picture catalogue.

The second relic is a life-size terracotta bust of him at



SIR FRANCIS BACON AS A CHILD.

about the age of twelve, coloured to life. It stands on a high library shelf with a similar terra-cotta bust of his father, the learned Sir Nicholas Bacon, on one side, and another of his pious but austere mother, Ann Cooke, on the other. The existence of these busts has been frequently referred to since Elizabethan days in the many books that have dealt with the Bacon family, but, as has already been said, they have never been reproduced before and are practically unknown to the general public. The baby of the little oil painting and the bust of the boy are undoubtedly one and the same individual. In common with many other great men there are not many

incidents directly recorded of his childhood, the period of which is covered by these two presentations of him. But from history, family tradition and intimate knowledge of his home we can build up a good deal and set him in his surroundings.

It was on January 22nd, 1561, that he came "crying into the world" at York House in the

strange to find that Ann, the most gifted of his four daughters, was called in to take her share in the education of the Royal boy.

With such a goodly heritage of mental endowment it is not to be wondered at that as the little Francis grew out of babyhood he proved to be precocious beyond his years. The baby portrait shows that from his earliest days he had the promise of intellectuality about him. The upper part of his

head is extraordinarily well developed, and the sandy hair grows high off a peculiarly prominent forehead. His intense brown eyes look out with an air of great intelligence; the firmly-cut mouth foretells the power and determination which characterised him in later years. His precocity was doubtless fostered by the fact that he was the youngest of the family, and hence found his companions in those older than himself. For besides his own elder brother Anthony

he had three other half-brothers, all much older than he, and three half-sisters, children of Sir Nicholas by his first marriage. It is interesting to notice that Francis does not seem to have been recognised as specially brilliant by his father, at any rate in early days, for the Lord Keeper definitely speaks of his second son Nathaniel as the most promising of his sons. In a letter he wrote when Francis was eight years old, he says, "Indeed of all my children he (Nathaniel) is of the best hope in learning." By the way, one of the earliest reminiscences of Francis with regard to this brother must have been his father's anxiety to make a suitable match for him.

Now we know quite well that the life of a child in an Elizabethan nursery was very different from that of the indulged child of to-day. The discipline was of the strictest,



FRANCIS BACON AT TWELVE.

Strand, the official residence of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. He was the second son of Sir Nicholas by his second wife, Ann Cooke. It was an auspicious moment for

the boy to arrive, for the Lord Keeper was then at the zenith of his fame, "a man full of wit and wisdom, a learned lawyer, and a true gentleman." And what he was he looked: of a truly dignified presence and yet withal so portly, not to say corpulent, that his Royal mistress was wont to say of him with sly humour, "My Lord Keeper's soul is well-lodged." Of his mother, too, we know that she was notable for her learning even in that day of notable women. She read and spoke Greek, Latin, Italian and French "as her native tongue," having been instructed therein by her father, the renowned Sir Anthony Cooke. For Sir Anthony was one of the advanced men of his time—and, indeed, would be of ours—and held the view that "women are as capable of learning as men." Sir Anthony, it will be remembered, was tutor to the young King Edward VI., and hence it is not



TERRA-COTTA BUST OF SIR NICHOLAS BACON.



BUST OF SIR FRANCIS BACON.

Showing the "barrel-like" shape of his head.

and the relations between parents and children were of such a formal nature that no child would even dare to sit down in the presence of its parents without special permission to do so, and any dereliction from the high standard of duty and respect demanded at that time was met by the severest punishments. And Francis, as a child, was no happy exception to the custom of the age, for his mother, though apparently of a really affectionate disposition, never seems to have relaxed towards her sons. So the boy grew up, surrounded, indeed, by watchful care, but knowing nothing of the sweet intimacy that we nowadays associate with mother and son. Ann's intensely religious nature seems to have increased rather than to have lessened her severity, and even when Francis and his brother were grown men her letters to them reveal a jealous assertion of authority and a domineering tone which, in spite of the affection usually displayed for their spiritual as well as their physical welfare, sorely tried them both in manhood, and must have weighed upon them as children.

When Francis was about five years old a great interest came into his life—his father began building a new country home at Gorhambury, being almost within sight of the historic Abbey of St. Albans and, indeed, on land that had once belonged to the abbot. Apparently there was an older house at Gorhambury; but we are not told whether the Bacons ever stayed there. But we do know that in 1568 the new home was finished and that the Lord Keeper and his family moved into it. That house is now a dilapidated ruin; but there is a fine old print of it which is reproduced here. It was a moderate-sized red-brick house with gable roofs and octagonal towers. In one of the latter was a large clock with a fine bell, on which is inscribed (for it exists still at Gorhambury):

Anthony Bartlett made me
In fifteen hundred and sixty-three.

The house was surrounded by high-walled gardens with oak woods beyond. It must have been an intense joy to the delicate little Cockney to live in the exhilarating country of St. Albans, with its picturesque views and wooded slopes. Specially interesting must this home have been, too, to an intelligent boy from its historical associations, first with the great Abbey of Paul de Caen, and then still further back the old Roman town of Verulamium. From various allusions in some of his works, we gather that Francis went several times back to London, and probably stood by his father's side at the opening of Parliament. He tells of one incident in his book, "Sylva Sylvarum," of how when quite a boy, playing with his companions in St. James's Park, he "stole to the brick conduit to discover the cause of a singular echo." The laws of sound were later on always a subject of his thoughts.

As a boy Francis was very delicate, his delicacy taking the peculiar form of fainting whenever the moon was new. Probably the fact that he grew stronger and healthier in the bracing Hertfordshire air increased his affection for Gorhambury, for in

the later clouded years of his life his greatest solace was his retirement to this home of his childhood. The next four years, from the age of eight to eleven, passed uneventfully enough for the boy. Naturally he came into contact with some of those great men who made Elizabeth's reign so illustrious, and we are aware that in any case his grandfather, Sir Anthony Cooke, had a great influence upon him in the moulding of his character and intellectual life. In Francis Bacon's essay on "Parents and Children" he begins in the very words of his grandfather: "The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears. Children sweeten labour; but make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but mitigate the remembrance of death." But when he was about twelve years old a great event loomed ahead. The Queen announced her intention of paying her well-beloved Lord Keeper a visit at his country house, and all became bustle and stir. The Lord Keeper himself viewed the promised Royal visit with a certain apprehension. He wrote off to Lord Burghley for instructions, "That I might understand your advice what you thinke to be the best way for me to deal in this matter, for in very deede no man is more rawe in such a matter than myself." There was little need to trouble Francis with injunctions as to his deportment on this auspicious occasion, for a contemporary writer says of him, "He was a courtier from his cradle to his grave, sucking in experience with his milk, being innured to policy as early as to his grammar."

Naturally, he was a great favourite with the Queen, who had nicknamed him her "young Lord Keeper." And when she asked him one day how old he was, we find Francis replying, with all the suavity of a man of the world, "Just two years older than Your Majesty's most happy reign." We know precisely what he looked like as he stood before her, for the terra-cotta bust was made just about this time. He had lost the chubby, placid look of the baby portrait, and had grown into a thin, slight, delicate-looking boy with a thoughtful expression. The forehead is still prominent as in the baby picture, with sand-coloured hair growing high upon it. An old writer describes the shape of his head as "barrel-like." He is depicted wearing a blue coat, with slashed blue and white sleeves and small neck ruff.

The bust of his father shows an impressive but certainly corpulent figure, and his mother's face is composed, with an expression of grave severity. These busts are believed to be by an Italian artist, as it was beginning to become fashionable to employ artists from foreign countries to decorate country houses, execute family

portraits, etc., and certain busts of this date are to be seen at Hampton Court. The Royal visit forms a fitting and grand finale to his childhood. Those few days must have taught his mind much in worldly wisdom, which Francis, with his quick apprehension, could not fail to have acquired. And the following year we read that he went to Trinity College at Cambridge. Thus at the early age of thirteen he entered upon a new and more responsible stage of life.



TERRA-COTTA BUST OF LADY BACON.



GORHAMBURY IN 1568.

THE FAITH OF A PEASANT PEOPLE.

A good man, being in prayer, when Friar Giles passed from this life, saw his soul go up to heaven, together with a multitude of other souls which at that hour came forth from Purgatory; and he saw Jesus Christ come to meet the soul of Friar Giles, and, with a multitude of Angels and all those souls, ascend into the glory of Paradise, to a great sound of sweet music.

WE, who have passed from simplicity through vulgarity to what we are pleased to call culture, read this with a full sense of its beauty of utterance and feeling; but the probability of the thing stated does not perplex us, and this because of its very remoteness. It stands to us for noble imaginative literature. The Breton peasant, surrounded by, but utterly apart from, the conflict and confusion of an advanced civilisation, would hear it with a less conscious but no less intimate response to its beauty, and he, too, would be unconcerned as to its probability, and this because of its very obviousness. "A good man, being in prayer." In the mind of the Breton, that such a one should see the spiritual world taking colour and form would be no instance of unexpected revelation. To him the vision would be no creation of the holy man's own rapture and contemplative perception. To him the air is always thronged by a multitude of angels moving to a great sound of sweet music. He has only to pause for a moment in his daily coming and going and he too will stand in the presence of God.

The Breton does not believe in his saints and the Father of all the saints. For belief implies the possibility of doubt, and the reality of God stands no more in question to these folk, who have never learnt the significance of change, than does the reality of the earth and the seas on which they labour that they may live. Contention about this, as about all the fundamental conditions of their existence, is merely a strange irrelevancy which they do not attempt to understand. Through the centuries their forefathers have tilled their little farms and tended them to harvesting; to-day science makes her tempting offers of economy of labour and more generous repayment, and the Breton, making no dispute, still goes down to the fields with his sickle, and, bearing the harvest home on slow-moving bullock waggons, threshes it with flails at his own door. The Government of France, seeking to make Brittany part of the nation in more than name, decrees that French shall henceforth be used in the churches and schools; the proclamation is dutifully posted up, and priest and

dominie continue to instruct their charges in pure Breton. The world wrangles as to the ways of God strong men are troubled in unbelief, theories beget persecution. The Breton hears rumours of this strange conflict, speaks a word of greeting to his neighbour, and passes along the road to speak another to St Joseph at the little shrine between the poplars.



W. G. Meredith.

SIMPLE FAITH.

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Nowhere in Brittany has the peasant far to go before coming to one of these physical symbols of the mystic world wherein he moves as freely and naturally as in the world of daily traffic. Mystic is a word not quite precise, one which is fitting only on the lips of a stranger. To the Breton it is a world too definite and lucid to be mystic, peopled by counsellors and friends as actual as, and more immutable than, his fellows of the earth. The holy wells and shrines which he has set up everywhere in his country serve a two-fold purpose. In building them he performs a simple act of homage and reverence, and he provides

The God and the saints of the Bretons are; they have power over the people and love for them. The power is a thing which the people do not pretend to understand or try to influence, but the love is a support to which they turn at every moment. To it they bring all their troubles, whether they be the outcome of their own sinning, which is the work of the evil forces of the world, or the sorrows of humanity, which they do not blame, but which they cannot comprehend.

It is just this unquestioning certainty as to things which divide the civilised world that makes the Breton wholly indifferent to material change and progress. He has long since made up his mind as to the proper conduct of his earthly affairs; the course he has chosen satisfies his needs, which are few and simple. Any modification of his chosen habit would merely be an expenditure of trouble to no good purpose, since his inner life has its being in a world into which no change could possibly penetrate. It is a world purely objective, for, unlike the moderns who surround him, he has not yet learnt to create God in his own image.

The expression that the peasants give to this faith — or knowledge, rather — is perfectly frank and often poignantly tender. On a mellow autumn morning I was resting by a little wayside shrine. To the south stretched a great plain, luxuriantly wooded, rich with the fruitfulness of a full year. The golden corn and red sarrazin and loaded orchards shone through a network of mist and sunshine. An old man, his bronzed and deeply furrowed face betokening great trials but greater endurance, came down the road towards me. It was market-day in the town two miles further on, and he was carrying his little stock—a dozen mushrooms, a small bunch of grasses, a few bright berries gathered from the wayside. In front of the shrine he stopped, bared his head, spoke a few words in Breton and crossed himself. Then from his basket he took a single mushroom, and, placing it at the feet of the sculptured saint, passed on his way. The offering was made with too much gravity and naturalness to be in any way bizarre. With the best of good fortune his day's work could not bring him more than six or eight sous, yet he would leave so much, not as being of any value, but as a token of gratitude and friendliness.

In the coast towns, where the menfolk earn their living not from the earth, but from the sea, these shrines and statues are the centre always of anxious watchers. As the fleets go out the women gather round the great crucifix that looks out across the waters and pray in silence to the Great Father, and again when their men return they will meet here in common thanksgiving. At other times a woman may be seen on the steps at the foot of the Calvary, her cheek pressed against the cross, to which she is confiding the sorrow of her loss. Here is no resentment,

only a sense of personal suffering, faith that it will be righted in time, a fearless expression of grief and surrender to one stronger than herself, in the full knowledge that the strong are pitiful.

The faces of the Bretons all bear the impress of this unchallengeable faith. Clear-skinned but weather-beaten, they gather from the quiet assurance that nothing can at any moment stand between the Creator and his creation an austere humility of singular beauty. Humility may be said to be the strength of the Breton's attitude to God, humility transfigured by affection and intimacy. A peasant whose daily walk to his



W. G. Meredith.

THE CALVARY AT PLOUGASTEL.

Copyright.

for his constant need trysting-places where he may meet those who watch over him and can bring to him the liberal measure of God's inspiration and healing. He would pass one of these consecrated spots without a word of supplication and gratitude no more readily than he would disown his land. The communion is an integral part of his hourly life, unrelated to ethics or morality, or at least independent of these. Under so imminent an influence his elemental virtues have, indeed, grown to be extraordinarily sharply defined, but the growth of effect from cause is a circumstance which has no place in his consciousness.



M. Emil Frichon.

GOD SPEED TO THE FISHERMEN.

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W. G. Meredith.

THE CALVARY AT LA ROCHE.

Copyright.

work took him by a shrine dedicated to the Virgin Mary gave beautiful expression to this simplicity of feeling that belongs to all his people. Each day as he came to the shrine he paused for a moment, knelt down and said, "O Mary, Mother of God, it is only thy little Jean."
JOHN DRINKWATER

THE SCENTS OF BUTTERFLIES.

IN mid-June, when butterflies may be seen at their best, it would be interesting to spend some time on a part of the subject that is comparatively new, that of the scents of butterflies. The colours of flowers, we know, attract certain insects; their perfumes attract others. Of the colours and patterns of butterflies explanations have been frequent; but of the perfumes by which they attract one another

Our sense of smell is not sufficiently exquisite for us to appreciate the perfumes of butterflies and moths. We can scarcely analyse an odour; it is a harmony of which we are unable to distinguish the tones or the intervals. We recognise a scent as a whole, as we may a shade of colour or a chord which we have only encountered once or twice. And even if we could always find the root or fundamental tone of any particular odour, the scents of butterflies and moths would be almost too delicate for our perception. They are, as it were, only to be recognised when played *forte*. We are quite shut out from the soft, muted scents of butterflies. Our English butterflies, fortunately, do not "smell" unpleasantly. But such a measure of defence is adopted by some foreign butterflies, the offensive smell preventing insect-eating creatures from attacking the butterfly that produces it. It is interesting to know that smell which is "nasty" is offensive to many animals and to ourselves. But what is more striking is that an odour which we find agreeable is at the same time acceptable



W. G. Meredith.

"MEEKLY AND DULY."

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very little is known. It was in Brazil that Fritz Müller first noticed that several butterflies were as fragrant as flowers. And since then Dr. Dixey and Dr. Longstaff have shown us that in all countries many butterflies and moths scent the air with a delicate odour like that of sweet-scented flowers at a distance. Male butterflies possess scent-scales of peculiar but perfectly characteristic shapes that have been compared to the forms of brushes, lutes and lyres. The scales are generally collected into the dark bands on the wings that in so many butterflies enable us to distinguish the sexes. The scent-scales of female butterflies are not known with certainty, but they must exist somewhere, for the sexes become aware of each other's presence at considerable distances. The assembling of males round a caged member of the opposite sex, that is well known in the case of the Oak Egger moth, has also been recorded of the Red Admiral butterfly, though, curiously, the butterflies of this family have no bands of scent-scales.

to many other animals. In perfumes butterflies and ourselves have the same standard of excellence.

The "sweete savoure of the meede floures" is delectable both to butterflies and men. Butterflies fly in the direction of the scent; they find a flower that is a source of it. Their trunks are thrust into the corolla's inmost recesses: nectar is their food. They pass on to the next blossom. Sprengel discovered and Charles Darwin taught us that by devices which vary in different flowers the visiting butterflies carry pollen from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of the next. We know that this is the means of cross-fertilisation. It is a mystery great as those of Eleusis. Butterflies partake of it. Its sacred elements are symbols of earth's fertility: the desire of man for woman, of the butterfly for his mate; the longing that is inflamed by physical excellence whose measure is perfume.
J. T.



W. G. Meredith.

A ROADSIDE SHRINE.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE POET, THE PAINTER and THE WITCH-GIRL

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE



THERE were once a Poet, a Painter and a Witch-girl who all lived together in the most charming old thatched cottage ever built, entirely covered with jasmine, crimson ramblers and Virginia creeper. At the back of the cottage was a little garden with a pond, where the Witch-girl (whose name was Madriala) kept a flamingo, a pelican and a lame duck. Beyond this was a large meadow, where the goblins danced whenever the moon was full. The garden itself was delightful; there was no flower which would not grow there, and it was full of little winding paths and low green arbours and rose bushes and fruit of all kinds, the ripest and juiciest fruit anywhere out of fairyland.

The Poet and the Painter passed their lives in writing poems about Madriala and painting pictures of her—each more beautiful than the last. This was to make up for lost time, since they had lived very dingy lives in London for many years, growing always more and more successful and respectable, until at last the things they really wanted to say were quite choked up. At last, when they were almost worn out by Academy dinners and interviews and pasting newspaper cuttings about themselves in a large book, they suddenly one day turned three somersaults, danced on their tall hats and frock-coats, put on very wide, bright-coloured neckties and walked away, away and away into the country, determined never to do anything they didn't like again for as long as they lived. It was some time after this they found Madriala in the middle of a forest, sitting under an elm tree and singing.

Her dress was the colour of a peacock's breast, and her eyes were like the sea when it lies still in deep pools. She was old at the beginning of the world, and so wise that she understood everything. She laughed like the bright morning wind waking the forest at sunrise, her hair streamed over her shoulders like a brown shadow; she was singing, and all the birds were quiet, trying to learn her song. Instantly the Poet and the Painter fell in love with her, and their hearts began to crackle like burning wood. As soon as her song was finished, they both fell on their knees and tried to speak, but they couldn't, because their hearts were burning so fiercely and the flame choked them. The Witch-girl looked at them seriously without saying a word, while all the birds began repeating her song as quickly as they could for fear they should forget it. They might have remained staring at each other for days and days only the Painter got cramp in one knee and was obliged to move. Then the Witch-girl burst out laughing. "What curious people you are," she said; "and why are you so dusty inside?" She laughed again, and the Poet and the Painter found their tongues.

"Oh!" they cried, "beautiful maiden—but only you can undust us." Then they stopped short, for their emotion was too much for them.

The Witch-girl looked intently at them, and sat down under the elm trees, clasping her knees. She spoke in a sharp voice.

"Now," she said, "first of all give your souls a good shake and get rid of all this dust. I really can't talk to people in such an untidy state."

They did so, and instantly their souls became as clean and as fresh as possible. Madriala clapped her hands.

"That is all right," she cried; "nothing could be nicer, but I think you want looking after. You had better come and live with me always. But you must promise not to bother me in any way, and in return I will sing you all the songs I know and dance and do everything for your good. I like you much better than bullfinches and hedgehogs. I have seen nothing else for a very long time."

"But that is the one thing in the world we wish for," cried the Poet and the Painter, shaking all over with joy.

"Well," said the Witch-girl, very sensibly, "the first thing to be done is to find somewhere to live. I never live anywhere but that would give you colds. There is a cottage not fifty miles from fairyland which will suit us exactly. It belongs to a very kind, polite old man, but I am sure he will give it to us if we ask him. Then he can become our gardener. Do you agree?"

Needless to say, the Poet and the Painter would have lived with her at the bottom of the sea if she had asked them, and they all started off to find the cottage, which was only a day's walk from where they were on the other side of the pine forest. The Witch-girl danced round them the whole way. As to the Poet and the Painter, they were so happy that it was all they could do not to turn somersaults every five minutes. At last they reached the cottage, which was, indeed, delightful. The old man liked them all so much that he gave it to them at once with scarcely a moment's hesitation, consenting at the same time to be their gardener. His wife, who was less amiable, raised several very foolish objections, but they pacified her at last by proving that nothing she could possibly say would be of the slightest use and by promising to consult her on every other matter for the rest of their lives. The old man added his supplications to theirs, so she reluctantly gave in, and they at once took possession of the cottage, and lived there as merrily as may be for the next seven years. This is not to say that things always went smoothly, for Witch-girls are the most capricious creatures alive and apt to get terribly spoilt, and Madriala was no exception. The Poet and the Painter were her slaves, and she tormented them terribly if she was in the least bit displeased. Indeed, it was all owing to a fit of crossness that the terrible trouble I am about to tell you of fell on them all.

"You are not to be borne with a moment longer," said Madriala one morning soon after breakfast, and flounced out of the house. There was no reason why she should have been angry, for neither the Poet nor the Painter ever dreamed of contradicting her. But even Witch-girls get out of bed the wrong side sometimes, and, as Mrs. Beeton, the gardener's wife, who had a very sharp tongue, often remarked, this did not infrequently happen to Madriala.

She flounced away through the fir woods without looking to where she was going, and came at last to a pond in a remote corner where she had never been before. Here the trees were so thick that the sun could scarcely pierce through the boughs, and the air was hot and heavy. Round the pond grew a mass of yellow and purple irises. On one side, his clothes almost the colour of the green bank on which he lay stretched, was a tall man with lank hair falling over his eyes, which twinkled maliciously. He wore a high, pointed cap, with a waving peacock's feather. His shoes had red heels and curled at the end. His coat was laced with red and yellow ribbons. Near him, half hidden by the long grass, was a tray laden with all sorts of glittering things. Altogether he was a cheerful sight, Madriala, who loved bright colours, couldn't take her eyes off him. She stared and he stared back, but neither said a word. He did not look at all interested in her. This annoyed Madriala. She walked slowly round the pond, her head in the air. When she was quite close the Pedlar called out.

"Oh! oh!" he cried, "you'll fall over me if you're not careful. There's not much in the sky worth looking at, while I am, but that's your concern, not mine," and he stared in front of him as blankly as before.

"I don't think you're in the least worth looking at, but you might look at me," said Madriala, sitting down beside him.

"You have interrupted me," said the long man, who was a Pedlar and very wicked. "I was trying to catch an owl."

I can always make any animal come to me by whistling to it. I could make you come if it were worth my while. At this moment I would rather you went away."

Madriala stared, for nobody since the beginning of the world had ever spoken to her like this before.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, slowly, "that you would rather have an owl to talk to than me?"

"Why should I want to talk to you?" said the Pedlar. "You are not very intelligent; you are not even pretty; you are excessively in the way. I hope I am speaking plainly enough."

"Not even pretty," exclaimed Madriala. "Why, no one has spoken to me for the last million million years without falling in love with me. The Poet and the Painter tell me how wonderful I am the whole day long, and even Mrs. Beeton, a person of very blunt perceptions, says I am quite good-looking. Whatever can you mean?"

"What I say," said the Pedlar. "But, then, I only admire people with very pink and white complexions and tightly-curved hair. If you lived in a town you would be all right, I daresay. But that's not your fault. Never mind, let me show you some of the pretty things I've got to sell."

He drew his tray towards him, and although Madriala was more hurt and angry than she had ever been in her life before, the things she saw were so alluring that she couldn't resist looking. There were precious stones from the darkest depths of the sea and mermaids' combs and lamps, stolen from the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, and jewelled sandals and robes made of cobweb, embroidered with hoar-frost, and many other beautiful and wonderful things; for the Pedlar had wandered everywhere and in all the remotest corners of the world, and he had the gift of always getting exactly what he wanted by craft or boldness. He told Madriala some of his adventures, and in spite of herself she was fascinated.

"Now," she cried, excitedly, when he had stopped at last, "I should like to have you for my friend. At the same time, that is impossible, on account of the insulting way in which you have treated me. If, however, you can show me someone whom I can acknowledge as more beautiful than myself, you will be justified, and I can forgive you. But I know such a thing is impossible."

"Not at all," said the Pedlar, carelessly. "Come with me and I'll show you."

"Very well," answered Madriala, her heart beating, for she had actually fallen in love with the Pedlar, and was anxious before all things that he should realise how beautiful she was, "let us start at once."

"To-morrow morning," said the Pedlar. "Now, good-bye. You're not a bad child. Run home; I must attend to the owl now," and he turned away just as though she was not there. Madriala ran off as quickly as she could, so as to avoid seeing how badly he was behaving.

Of course, she did not tell the Poet and the Painter anything of all this, nor of what she intended to do next day. She knew in her heart that she was behaving very naughtily and that she would grieve them deeply by her conduct. But she would not think of this, only of the adventure in front of her and of how best to persuade the Pedlar that she was beautiful. That evening she was so subdued, thoughtful and altogether unlike herself that the Poet and the Painter were alarmed, and even Mrs. Beeton was quite afraid that Madriala was taking her advice after all and turning over a new leaf (which would have been very dull), and sent up a large dish of marrons glacés to revive her. But she would not even eat them, and went to bed very early, as sedately and quietly as though she were not a Witch-girl at all.

The next morning she started early, before anyone was awake. She wore a dress like a flame and necklaces of all kinds of strange magic stones. When she reached the pond there was the Pedlar fastening up his pack, with the owl he had succeeded in catching perched on his shoulder. He laughed when he saw her.

"So you've come," he said. "Well, well, we'll have some fun together. Now we'd better start." And they started.

Meanwhile the Poet and the Painter, though they thought little of Madriala's disappearance at breakfast, were too disturbed about her generally to do any work that morning. They fidgeted round the place, expecting every moment to hear her footstep. "She will be back by teatime," they said. But after tea, when there was still no sign of her, they both went out silently and wandered in different directions, each searching for her in the places they knew she loved best. When they got back again it was early morning. So they passed the next three days waiting and watching. But on the third a deep gloom fell on both of them, and they looked at each other with grey faces. "She will never come back," they said. Then each turned slowly away without a word, like men who have suddenly grown very old.

But Madriala and the Pedlar wandered from town to town, singing and enjoying themselves immensely. And now the Pedlar no longer denied that Madriala was beautiful, but for three days he said she was the loveliest person in the world. Then on the fourth he saw someone he thought even lovelier, and left her all alone in the middle of a large town without saying one word as to where he was going. At first Madriala set out to look for him, but when she had searched some time and he was not to be found, and her shoes were quite worn out and her dress in rags, her heart went suddenly pop like a dry puff-ball and she became just an ordinary human being without friends, and she had utterly forgotten the Poet and the Painter and everything that had ever been before.

And now her life grew grey, like drizzling rain, and each year left her colder than the last; but I will say nothing concerning this time, for it is too sad to write or read about, and I will only tell you of a dream she had one night when she had grown too miserable to feel anything any longer. Her face was now quite covered with ugly wrinkles, and her hair was white and thin and her hands like rough wood. Yet a dream, which must have been unsuccessfully searching for her a long time, came to her, and it was all about the Poet and the Painter, and so vivid that when she woke up she could remember nothing else, and all her troubles were as though they had not been, and nothing seemed of any consequence except to get home as quickly as possible. So she hurried out and walked straight on till she was well out of the city.

She did not know the way, of course, but she held on so tight to the tail of her dream that she was bound to go right. All the earth was thirstily drinking in the spring, and everything sparkled and glittered and was happy. She felt once more exactly as she had always felt, and still she remembered nothing of all that had happened during the past years. Yet it seemed to her vaguely that she had been out longer than usual, and that the Poet and the Painter were unhappy about something, and that she must hurry back. So she walked on and on, and it was as though she could not feel tired or thirsty or hungry. At last she reached the pine forest. "I shall be late for tea," she said to herself, for it was now nearly night. She ran through, still following her dream, until she stood at the end of the little lane which led to the cottage.

How changed everything was, but she was much too absorbed to notice. The garden had become a mere tangle; nothing had been pruned for so long that the creepers and the roses and the vines were pushing and hustling each other over the low green fence, now partly broken down. The path leading to the door was green with groundsel, and the door itself had almost disappeared under the tangle of vines which fell over it. She opened it hastily and went in, then started back with a slight cry. Sitting by the fire, their heads bent, were two old men. They seemed half asleep, and their eyes when they looked up as she entered were dim with age. "Where—?" she began; then suddenly rushing forward she threw one arm round the neck of each. "Why!" she cried, "what has changed you so—have I been away so long?" Then, as they looked at her in bewilderment, "Why do you not speak to me—are you angry? I am so sorry." For she did not know that she, too, had grown very old, and that only by her voice, which was still Madriala's, was it possible to recognise her. The Poet understood first, and his joy at seeing her again and his sorrow at the change in her was so great that he could only kiss her hand very many times in silence, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then the Painter understood too, but his sorrow was greater than his joy. But neither by a word or look betrayed that they thought she had altered or that she was not the very same Madriala who had left them so many years ago.

"Oh, Madriala, you have been away so long," was all they said, and Madriala cried and kissed them, and sat down between them by the fire.

By degrees she grew quite happy again, and was full of questions and amazement. Then she scolded them, for it seemed since she had left them all their powers of work had gone; yet, since the empty days weighed on them too heavily, the Painter did weak little sketches and gave drawing lessons to the school-children, and the Poet wrote feeble verses for the local paper.

"But all that is over now; we will start afresh to-morrow," cried Madriala, and "Yes, we will certainly start afresh to-morrow," the Poet and the Painter repeated, heavily. Then they tried to laugh to hide that their hearts were breaking.

At last Madriala said that she would go to bed, but the Poet took care to slip quickly upstairs first to the little room which was always kept ready for Madriala's return, and secretly remove the wonderful mirror carved with green snakes and flaming pomegranates which hung there, for he wished to prevent her knowing for as long as possible how changed she was. Madriala followed eagerly, her eyes sparkling; but this was the worst of all, for it was the Witch-girl's spirit

living in a hideous and withered body, and the contrast was almost too terrible to be borne.

She said good-night to them both very gently and sorrowfully, and then slipped quickly into bed, for she was tired to death. But the dream which had been with her the night before and had led her home now fled away exhausted, and instead her memory returned, so that even while sleeping the smile faded from her lips and she lay back on her pillow, a worn old woman who would remember everything that had happened when she woke again in the morning.

But, by good luck, there was a full moon that night, and the goblins were dancing. The goblins all loved Madriala very dearly, for she used to feed them with shortbread and cream, and be charming to them in many ways. One of them chanced to look in at Madriala's window in passing, and when he saw the sad old woman and realised (since nothing can deceive a goblin) who it was, slow tears rolled down his long nose, for it was terrible to think how much she had suffered. Then he rushed off very excited to his friends and told them the difficulty. They immediately fetched a flask of a marvellous potion, made from the root of a strange yellow flower which only blossoms at midnight, and scampered back again to the cottage, settling at last in a large crowd round Madriala's bed. Then one goblin with a handkerchief dipped in the lotion slowly wiped all the wrinkles off her face; next he passed it over her hair, and it seemed filled with new life, rising and spreading round her like dry seaweed when it is dipped in salt water. He placed a few drops between her lips and instantly she became young again, and Madriala lay there smiling and asleep, just as she was at the beginning of the world. But the goblins' work was by no means complete; they at once hopped off to the Poet and the Painter and restored them; then they all danced under the moon more wildly than they had ever danced before, and all the primroses and the spring flowers had to come out much sooner than they meant to see what on earth was going on, for the noise was so great they couldn't sleep any longer. So the goblins were very satisfied with their night's work, and went home again chuckling.

But next morning at breakfast! How shall I describe the meeting? They were all far too astonished to speak, but gazed at each other, and gazed again, till all at once Madriala hugged the Poet and the Painter so vigorously that they nearly fell backwards, and joining hands they danced round and round the garden and up and down, followed at last by the flamingo, the tortoises, the pelican and Mr. Beeton. Afterwards they went in and ate the largest breakfast you have ever heard of, and no people are ever likely to be so happy again before the end of the world.

So everything was restored. Madriala now remembered all that had happened in between, and was very sorrowful and ashamed, but at the same time so happy she couldn't even be ashamed for very long. Still, it had an effect on her. She never tormented the Poet and the Painter again, and even Mrs. Beeton noticed an improvement. As to the Poet and the Painter, their work grew so lovely that no one could look at it without instantly becoming beautiful for ever. But, alas, you will never see it, for at its best it is so delicate that even to approach a publisher or a picture gallery would cause it to evaporate. Still, some of it is less sensitive, and if you ever read a poem or see a picture which seems particularly wonderful, you must remember it is really the work of the Poet or the Painter, whatever name they may have chosen to sign it by.

THE REAL MIDDLE AGES.

PROBABLY there is no other subject in the world on which so much dull, learned writing has been expended as on the Middle Ages. Everybody affects an interest in them, and great historians have tried to gratify this interest, but it would not be true to say they have been successful. Historical novelists have tried to picture the times and people; but a vivid imagination, though it may be depended on to produce life-like figures, offers no guarantee of accuracy. Fancy and fact do not invariably agree. Mr. G. G. Coulton has adopted a much more satisfactory method in his book, published under the title of "A Medieval Garner" (Constable and Co.). He has not tried to build up anew the Middle Ages on his own account, but has adopted the opposite method of searching through a vast number of documents and making extracts from them to show how life actually appeared to the writers. It is not likely that Mr. Coulton's example will be followed or imitated to any large extent, because it has involved the labour of thirty years, and the authorities consulted are not within the grasp of every student; for he has handled rare manuscripts where they are kept in distant foreign countries, read books of which only one or two copies are known

to be in existence, and consulted other evidences of the life of our Roman Catholic forefathers. It may, of course, be objected that there is too much about monks and other ecclesiastics; but then they were almost the only writers of the time, and naturally they were largely concerned with their monasteries and buildings.

He has kept out of it the dark side of mediævalism. In turning over the pages, however, it is impossible to go far without being arrested by something unusual, as, for instance, in the extract from Ralph Glaber, whose irregular life was partly spent in the monastery of St. Benigne at Dijon, and ended at Cluny about the year 1044. He tells us that the general impression was abroad that on the thousandth anniversary of the birth of Christ the Day of Judgment was close at hand, and out of fear and piety the fabrics of many churches, especially in Italy and Gaul, were rebuilt. His own impression was that "the whole world was clad in new buildings." In the seventh year before that date there was an eruption of Vesuvius, which "belched forth a multitude of vast stones mingled with sulphurous flames, which fell even to a distance of three miles around." At the same time it happened that a fire broke out in Rome, and the flames caught St. Peter's Church, and began "to creep under the bronze tiles and lick the carpenter's work." The sequel is singularly illustrative both of human nature and the Middle Ages. "When this became known to the whole multitude that stood by, then, finding no possible device for averting this disaster, they turned with one accord and, crying with a terrible voice, hastened to the Confession even of the Chief of the Apostles, crying upon him with curses that if he watched not over his own, nor showed himself a very present defender of his church, many throughout the world would fall away from their profession of faith. Whereupon the devouring flames straightway left those beams of pine and died away."

Threatening St. Peter was excellent. Equally true to human nature in a different way is the story of the fighting monk from the monastery of Novales. After spending a great many years as a fighter, he repented of his deeds of bloodshed, and seeking out a staff of cunning workmanship, he fashioned many rings at the top, "and to each of these rings a little bell." This was to be the testing rod to find out where there was a really strict and devout monastery, where by spending his latter years he should atone for the sins and bloodshed of his youth. It was his custom to enter a church while the monks were at worship and smite his staff twice or thrice upon the pavement to make the little bells ring, so that he might judge of the discipline. He wandered for a long time, but at last came to Novales, where he, according to his custom, smote his staff upon the sanctuary floor and produced the ringing of bells. One of the boys looked back to see what it might mean, but immediately the master of the novices leapt upon the boy and smote him upon the cheek, and Walther said, "Lo, here is that which I have sought for so many days and throughout so many lands, and as yet had never found." So he attached himself to that church, and lived a quiet and faithful life for many years, doing the gardening for the monks, until an event happened that stirred up his old spirit. A great train of waggons bringing grain and other produce to the monastery was robbed by the king's servants, and the Abbot commanded Walther to recover the stolen goods. He needed a horse, and looked at the good and stout cart-horses kept to do the work of the farm. He mounted each in turn with spurs on his heels to prove its mettle, but thought little of them, and asked for the excellent charger he had brought with him on entry. They answered that it was living but grown old, and had been given over to the baker to carry the corn daily to and from the mill. He got it, however, and mounting went off in search of the robbers. At first he humbly saluted them, and warned them that they "should not again do God's servants such harm as they had now wrought"; but he was answered with hard words, and after some wrangling they became agreed and compelled him to strip off his clothes. He did this until they came to his shirt and breeches. It was not in his covenant with the Abbot that he should remove these, and their insistence that he should do so made him so angry that the old warlike spirit was aroused, and the end of the story was more in keeping with the character of the warrior than with that of the monk.

A very interesting extract is that from a Norman-French legal compilation dated about 1290. It describes trial by battle. In this the combatants were armed without armour, "their heads uncovered, their hands and feet bare, with two staves tipped with horn of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other arms, whereby either of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other arms concealed about him, and therewith annoy or offer to annoy his adversary, let it be done as shall be mentioned in treating of battle in a plea of land."

In the Middle Ages the three most important classes of people were monks, soldiers and women. The last-named were subjected to the same exhortations as are their sisters of the present day. Early in the fourteenth century the reproach hurled against them was: "In order that ye may compass men's praise ye spend all your labour on your garments—on your veils and your kirtles. Many of you pay as much to the sempstress as the cost of the cloth itself; it must have shields on the shoulders, it must be flounced and tucked all round the hem; it is not enough for you to show your pride in your very button-holes, but you must also send your feet to hell by special torments, ye trot this way and that with your fine stitchings; and so many ye make, and with so much pains, that no man may reherse it all." This might easily have been said by a moralist of the present moment, who would doubtless inveigh against tight lacing as well as against boots. It is certain that

"betray folk with corrupt wine, or mouldy beer, or unsodden mead, or give false measure, or mix water with the wine." Every class of workman is shown to possess tricks belonging to his own calling. We read these disclosures now not to point a moral, but for the very interesting light they throw on the manners and customs of an age that has passed away.

MR. LEWIS HARCOURT'S GOLDEN RETRIEVERS.

QUITE a flutter of interest spread through the kennel world a year or two ago when it was announced that the Right Honourable Lewis Harcourt, M.P., First Commissioner of Works and a member of the



T. Fall.

FOUR PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS.

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no fourteenth century woman had a more adequate way of sending her feet to hell than that of the twentieth century woman who wears high heels. At the same time the "tricks of trade" show that the dishonest tradesman was as active in the earlier centuries as he is in the later. The monkish writer complains that it is no longer possible to find a good hat: the rain will pour down through the brim into the wearer's bosom. "All such as work with iron tools, gold-smiths, penny-smiths, and other smiths, and carpenters or blacksmiths, and all manner of men that smite, and stone-masons and turners, and all such as use handicrafts with iron" are charged with idleness and dishonesty. Of tradesmen it is related that "whatsoever is good cheap beyond the sea they bring to this town, and whatsoever is good cheap here they carry over the sea." Such as sell meat and drink were convicted of such offences as come before magistrates to-day. We hear of diseased meat being sold and fish being kept in water until Friday "and then they are corrupt and a man eateth his death by them or some great sickness." Innkeepers and cooks of the dishonest sort kept their

Cabinet, was about to exhibit some golden retrievers. Beyond the fact that the late Lord Tweedmouth had for

many years a strain of these dogs at Guisachan, practically nothing was known about them. Except to a few privileged people the source of their origin was enveloped in mystery and even to-day, so far as I am aware, nothing authentic has appeared concerning their history. The flat-coated and curly retrievers, which are the most common, are made varieties, dating back but a comparatively brief period. The former was probably evolved from crosses of the Newfoundland and setter, while the latter comes from the water-spaniel and the Newfoundland. With the advent of shows more care was exercised in breeding for looks as well as working qualities, until at the present time we have distinctly handsome dogs. Inferior as regards type, but in every way fully capable of holding his own in the field, is the Labrador, whose sterling properties have been appreciated in a limited number of noble families for



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A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

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nearly a century, although the general public has heard little about him until the last few years, when success after success

at the field trials demonstrated that he was a force with which we had to reckon. At one time, also, there was a family of retrieving dogs peculiar to the county of Norfolk. These were mainly used in wildfowl-shooting, and were therefore hardy, with weather-resisting coats. In colour they were mainly of a light sandy brown, and the tail was usually docked.

These remarks, however, do not help us as regards the golden retriever, of which Mr. Harcourt has some twenty specimens at Nuneham. His kennels were founded six years ago with stock from Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Portsmouth and others. Whence came their progenitors? By a piece of good fortune I was told that if anyone could give me information it was Colonel the Hon. W. Le Poer Trench of Gerrard's Cross, who at one time owned the best Irish water-spaniels, and was also a member of the Kennel Club committee. As it happened, I had hit the right line, for Colonel Le Poer Trench was kind enough to give me information which I think has never before appeared in print. Some time in the eighties the gallant Colonel came into possession of one of the retrievers in question from the late Lord Ilchester, who had obtained it from the first Lord Tweedmouth. Walking one day in Hyde Park with the dog, the Colonel met Lord Tweedmouth, who then related to him the story of his association with the breed. In 1858, when Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks, he happened to attend a circus in Brighton, among the attractions of which was a troupe of performing dogs, announced as Russian retrievers. So skilful was their performance and of such a high order was their intelligence that he bought the lot (eight or ten), from which have sprung the modern dogs which are now exciting so much interest. The price paid was a substantial one, as may be imagined, although, perhaps, it would not seem large compared with the enormous sums given for outstanding representatives of popular breeds at the present time. Feeling that new blood was necessary to prevent deterioration, and being unable to obtain any collaterals, Lord Tweedmouth used a sandy-coloured bloodhound to some of his matrons. Traces of this outcross are said to be observable at times in the longer head and deeper muzzle, for the old type is short in head, broad between the ears and finer at the muzzle, although not to the point of snipiness. Among the three owned by Colonel Le Poer Trench is a handsome young dog containing some of the bloodhound in his ancestry. His head is distinctly different from those of the other brace, more nearly resembling that of the flat-coated retriever.

The Colonel, who is very enthusiastic about the merits of his dogs, has tried his best to trace the strain back to its Russian source, without any success, or, at any rate, with none better than the evidence of a German commercial traveller, who identified one of the dogs as being similar to some he had seen in a remote part of Central Asia under the Russian flag. In an earlier edition of Dalziel's "British Dogs" there is a chapter on the Russian retriever, of which, we read, representatives were occasionally met with at shows. They were described as being large and leggy, very squarely built, with an excess of hair all over them, long, thick and inclining to curl. The head was said to be large, short, round and wide in the skull, with a rather short and square jaw, not unlike that of a poodle. The eyes and whole face were covered with long hair, even more abundantly than a Skye terrier. The coat throughout was long and dense. It is questionable if Lord Tweedmouth's dogs were the same as these, for Mr. Rawdon Lee also speaks of the Russian retriever as being a huge, unwieldy creature, more



T. Fall

CULHAM FLAME.

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CULHAM ROSSA.

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CULHAM COPPER.

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fitted to carry off a sheep than to retrieve a snipe. He would weigh nearly a hundred pounds, and was covered with long ringlets, which suggested a near alliance with a poodle. The commonest colour was black, but occasionally brown was seen. This scarcely fits the dog into whose history we are enquiring, as his colour is a palish yellow (hardly golden), he would not weigh anything like a hundred pounds, the head is not smothered in hair, nor does the coat fall in ringlets or cords. Of course, it is quite possible that, in a country so vast in area and varying so much in climatic conditions, Russia may possess several species of retriever, to one of which those of Mr. Harcourt should be assigned. Some day, perhaps, Colonel Le Poer Trench may find the aborigines. As regards those in this country, he and Mr. Harcourt are in perfect accord as to their value in the field. The latter says they are good workers and easily broken, with first-class noses and great pace. Mr. Harcourt shoots over them regularly. As far as their physical characteristics are concerned, a verbal description cannot pretend to equal the charming pictures which accompany this article. They



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breed well to type, and their constitutions are good, despite a delicacy when young.

At the Kennel Club Show last year, Culham Flame was placed first, Culham Rossa second, and Culham Copper third; while at Cruft's, seven months earlier, Rossa headed the class, with Culham Brass second, Flame being absent. Flame was bred at Nuneham, and the breeders of Brass and Rossa were Mr. Pope and Mr. Wareham respectively. At Cruft's Show this year, Copper was awarded first prize, Flame was

reserve, Rossa very highly commended and Brass highly commended. A. C. S.



T. Fall.

CULHAM LASSIE.

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CULTIVATION OF RYE-STRAW.

FIELDS of barley and of rye were commonplaces of the English landscape at the time when the old men of the present day were children; but it has become very uncommon to see rye growing in the fields nowadays. Yet, according to a writer in the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, there is a certain definite demand for rye-grass. That used is to a considerable extent imported from the North of France, or Belgium or Holland. It comes over here hand-threshed, combed and made up into two hundred-weight bales. The reason of its

being preferred before English straw is on account of its being stouter and longer. In the North of France they can grow rye to a height of five feet and more. In these days, however, when the Mendelian students are so busily at work improving our breeds of cereals, there should be no difficulty in getting greater length into the straw of the English plant. In that case its cultivation would form a little department of its own in agriculture. The demand could not be expected under any circumstances to be enormous, but still there is a certain amount of grass bought for harness-making every year. Anyone would probably be able to get thirty shillings a ton more than he would for ordinary straw. The business of combing the straw is a very simple one. Frequently it is done with the hand only, or with a very short-handled wooden rake which is passed several times through the butt end of the sheaf. Another way is to take the sheaf in both hands and pull it through a row of wooden prongs

firmly fixed in a trestle about four feet in height. The object is to remove any weeds and also the loose sheaths or leaves which surround the stem. The type of straw that is required may be gathered from reading a description of that produced in the North of France. There most of the cereal crops are threshed by hand, because the small proprietors have not sufficient material for a threshing-machine, and also because they find it cheaper to employ hand labour, which is plentiful throughout the winter. This information, by the by, incidentally throws a curious side-light on the laborious character of French proprietary cultivation. The straw threshed by hand is, of course, much more remunerative than if it were machine threshed, and this applies particularly to rye-straw, even as it did to wheat in England when that was the ordinary form of roofing. Rye grows very freely in the Bordeaux district. It has a very stout stem and frequently attains a height of more than five feet.

A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

OVERHEAD the sky was typically African; high-hanging, as we never see it in England, and of a dark clear blue—"blue to the edge of the world," as Lafcadio Hearn says. All the morning the air had been still and motionless, but now a little wind had crept up, coming softly out of the desert, reminiscent

passed us in which were seated two nuns wearing the white habit of the Sœurs Blanches, whose hospice, formerly the residence of Cardinal Lavignerie (the founder of their order), stands outside the town. A little further on we stopped before the tall gates whence entrance is effected to the Villa de Bénévent, the property now so celebrated of Count Landon.



M. Emil Frechon.

ON GUARD.

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of all the endless solitudes through which it had travelled, of all the endless empty sands of the Sahara dipping far southward into Africa, beyond Biskra, beyond Tougourt, into that *terra deserta et in via et in aquosa*—the far and desolate region of the dunes. Outside Biskra the wind had dropped a little, and in the marvellous clearness, the illimitable white peace of the Sahara seemed to stretch out and touch the faint blue of the horizon. There was little traffic on the road that wound tortuously through the village Nègre, and the narrow ways of old Biskra, whence the smell from the numerous oil-presses issued with a disagreeable and stifling odour. Once a rough cart

Upon the fertile soil of the oasis this master gardener made his beautiful garden more than thirty years ago. Nor is this the sole evidence of his delight in the "purest of human pleasures," since he has made other if less wonderful ones at Philippeville and at Tunis. But surely no other could give him the pure contentment and deep peace which seem to suffuse this desert-home of his. You must indeed go far to see such a garden—such a triumph, almost insolent, of scent and colour, of blossom and fruit, of dazzling, sun-filled spaces and deep mysterious shadows. An unimaginable tranquillity reigns there, almost as if the peace of all those wide uninhabited spaces



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WORSHIP AT SUNRISE.

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HOW ARAB WOMEN TRAVEL.

M. Emil Fréchet.

of the Sahara had crept in and informed it with their strange silence and repose. There are wonderful groves of date palms—the trees that demand, as the Arabs say, *la tête dans le feu, les pieds dans l'eau*; there are tall grey olives with their sharp leaves bleached in the sun to a hard silver, against which the orange trees, with their dark, glossy foliage and golden globes of fruit offer a beautiful contrast. Scarlet stars of hibiscus make patches of abrupt colour, and here and there a tangle of bougainvillea tosses its magenta-coloured blossoms against the brilliant blue of the sky. Tall, graceful coconut palms, feathery mimosas and great clumps of bamboos and india-rubber trees, with their long, pointed dark leaves, cast their shade everywhere. Watered by springs of fresh water that never fail, the garden is almost tropical in its wealth of blossom and foliage, in the careless grace and loveliness of its dispositions. From the far wall we stood and looked out upon the desert, broken by the dark rim of the oasis of Sidi-Okbar, a melancholy spot dedicated to the outcast lepers. Beyond stood in rose-coloured splendour the long chain of the Aurès Mountains. Beyond again the sands, silver white and grey, touched with shadows of amethyst and sapphire, stretched as far as the eye could reach. As we stood there a caravan came slowly out of the desert, darkly outlined against the pale sands. In front several Arabs, clad in white burnouses, were mounted on horse or mule. A dozen or more camels, heavily laden, with faces half comically foolish, half malicious, were followed by a baby camel which, with its masses of fluffy fur, looked for all the world like a grotesque young ostrich. A kind of tent, covered with gaudy striped cloths, was fastened upon the backs of two or three of the camels, and within, closely curtained and hidden from curious eyes, the Arab women are doomed to travel. They will tell you of the horrors of this mode of journeying, of the airlessness and heat, of the sickness engendered by the slow, swaying, uneven movement. They were *en route* to Biskra for the "Courses Indigènes"—a race-meeting fixed for the following Sunday, and for which numbers of Arabs come into the town from all parts. On these occasions they pass through the streets of Biskra in a long procession, each goum or tribe headed by its chief or Kaid, riding on superb horses. The throbbing of drum and tom-tom and the shrill piping of native flutes herald its approach. Innumerable Arabs follow on horses, mules or camels, and in the midst can be seen these strange, unwieldy prison tents, like closely curtained palanquins, in which the Arab women sit hidden. The Arab rides slowly, with incomparable dignity, and the faces of the desert men, dark, sombre, with stern, sad eyes full of the fatalism of their race and creed, are not easily to be forgotten.

The caravan passed slowly on its way, and now the afternoon had worn to its close and we turned to leave the Villa de Bénévent. The Mueddin's call to prayer sounded faintly from the tower of the white mosque. It seemed to add another note to the mystery of the scene. No one could look, I think, without emotion upon this enchanted garden, placed where so few may envisage its remote and gracious loveliness or fail to contrast its ordered charm with the infinite desolation that lies so close to it, even at its very gates.

Perhaps of all the strange inhabitants of the Sahara the first place must be given to the wandering nomad. For him the laws of the ordinary Arab are not, and his women-folk journey comfortably on camel or mule, unveiled and unhidden. No one in the world can know the wild joys of liberty and freedom as he knows them. Though "far from his bread and near to his thirst," as his own saying goes, he envies not the man who dwells securely in the city or in the pleasant ways of the oasis.

The sun my hearth,
The moon my torch . . .

he sings, as he travels at will through the sandy wastes. He is proud; he does not take a wife from among the women of other tribes; for him it would be a *mésalliance*. He will tell you that the sea once flowed where the desert now spreads its great wastes, and that here and there in far-off mysterious places, desolate among the dunes, the sands are so treacherously thin that the unwary rider may suddenly be plunged into deep, unsuspected waters, and that over him the thin silver layer shall presently close and no sign or trace be left to tell the tale. But he knows where these unseen covered salt pools lie, and can guide his caravan safely from Tougourt even unto Timbuctoo.

I have sometimes thought that to a man of this strange wandering race, so proud of its ancient tradition, with no abiding city nor home, there can be few sights so welcome as the high gleaming lights of Constantine, after a prolonged sojourning in the sandy wastes of the desert and across the steep passes of the African Tell. It is through an arid land that you must travel to come from the Sahara to Constantine when once you have passed El-Kantara, the Gate of the Desert. The landscape

lies coloured in subtle monochrome, the browns of which yield imperceptibly to grey, and the greys to a hard silver. Here and there a group of pines—the "umbrella pines" of Italy—strike a note of vivid green, with broken bars of fresh blue where the branches part to display a glimpse of sky. But as a rule the only trees are those thin silver poplars that mark the roadway like lines of pale erect ghosts, or the dark Judas trees. There is little sign of life. Here and there a caravan winds its leisurely way along the road that runs parallel to the railway, gleaming like a polished silver ribbon. A team of perhaps ten oxen headed by two strong mules can sometimes be seen ploughing that reluctant and stony soil, so patiently cultivated by the Arab peasants.

Many years have passed since the French possessed themselves of Constantine, which is perhaps the most fascinating Oriental fastness of Algeria. The city is set wonderfully upon a hill, the contour of which it follows. It is abruptly cut in two by a wide ravine eight hundred feet in depth, which encloses at its foot a wild torrent. This fissure is the far-famed Gorge du Rhummel, which tradition says was formed at the time of the Crucifixion in that hour of dreadful darkness when the earth quaked and the rocks were rent. Beyond the town this gap is seen in all its grandeur where the cleft rocks lift two bold promontories to the sky, sharply perpendicular, and form as it were two sides of a frame through which can be seen a delicious prospect of far pink mountains. Below, the snowy domes and minarets of the town rise with delicate Oriental grace above the flat-roofed houses. Ahmed-Bey's great palace is now converted into quarters for Government officials. Hideous, though necessary, barracks and a huge hospital disfigure the fair hills above the town. But the conquerors have left untouched the Arab quarter—a place of winding streets and alleys, narrow and crowded; of dim bazaars and mysterious haunts full of the permanent magic of the East. Colours, rich and strange and vivid, lend their charm to the curious wares of which we can catch but a passing glimpse; heavy suffocating Eastern scents and perfumes fling an additional mystery to the atmosphere, so stifling and suggestive of closely guarded secrets. Silent-footed veiled women pass swiftly through the crowded ways, the blue veil of the Moor contrasting with the snowy whiteness of that worn by her Arab sister. The ragged nomad, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Kabyle, the bold, unveiled Israelite woman jostle against each other in the narrow street. In the dim and scented darkness of the bazaar the cunningly wrought embroideries of silver and gold shine with a shadowed radiance. Soft silks, fashioned of gleaming rainbow hues, glimmer side by side with rare old brass wares and delicate embossed silver. In the Café Maure subdued voices can be heard as the Arabs sit round the little tables smoking cigarettes and drinking black coffee, and playing cards and the *jeu-des-dames*, or draughts. I have seen a pack of their playing cards. Like our own, they have four suits, but with different signs, and each suit contains thirteen cards numbered. But no queen finds a place in the pack; the twelfth card, which should be hers, bears the representation of a man on horseback.

Constantine has been called by the Arabs Belad-el-Haoua i.e., the City of the Air, of the Ravine and of Passion, the word "haoua" signifying all these three things. In shape it resembles an outspread burnous, of which the Kasbah or native town forms the hood. From a careful survey of the ancient fortifications it has been ascertained that it is far smaller than the Cirta of Roman days, on the site of which it stands.

But if Constantine is beautiful by day, what shall we say of it when the African night folds its shadows over the City of the Ravine? What of the wonder of the southern moonlight, of the shiny Milky Way, which surely here may claim its tender Eastern title of the River of Heaven; of those millions of stars that powder with their fragile gold a sky that is purple and velvet-soft? What of the mystery of those dim bazaars with their winking, jewelled lights that glimmer gold and crimson and many-hued upon the soft fabrics and strange wares in that perfumed, scented night? What of the thin wail of the gesbah dividing the heavy silence with its fretful complaining music that holds always something of wistfulness? Like all Eastern cities, Constantine is sleepless; night and day she watches as if guarding some fantastic intimate secret hidden closely within her walls.

She lies between the sea and the great desert; men pass her in their journeyings from one to the other; she bids them welcome, she speeds them on their way, be they Arab or Moor, Bedouin or Kabyle, or the proud nomad, who often disdains her hospitality and passes shelterless outside her walls. The long lines of her lights, outspread on the summit of the hills, seem to strain upward to greet the stars. And Orion's belt in all its magical white radiance hangs low in the sky above the City of the Air, as if it, too, would stoop and learn the secret that she holds.

ISABEL CLARKE.



M. Emil Frechon.

"HERE CHANGE MAY COME NOT
TILL ALL CHANGE END."

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THERE are few castles in the North of England that are so charmingly placed as Lumley, especially as seen from the Great North Road. Standing as it does on a moderate elevation above the river Wear, from its south and west fronts the ground falls gently towards the river, while its east front overhangs the deep

wooded ravine through which runs the Lumley beck. But Lumley Castle is noteworthy not so much for its delightful situation as for the interesting part its plan plays in the story of the development of the English house. It illustrates, in fact, the transition from such great towers, or keeps, as those at Hedingham or Rochester or Castle Rising, to the early courtyard type of house, with ranges of chambers set about a quadrangle and with towers at the corners.

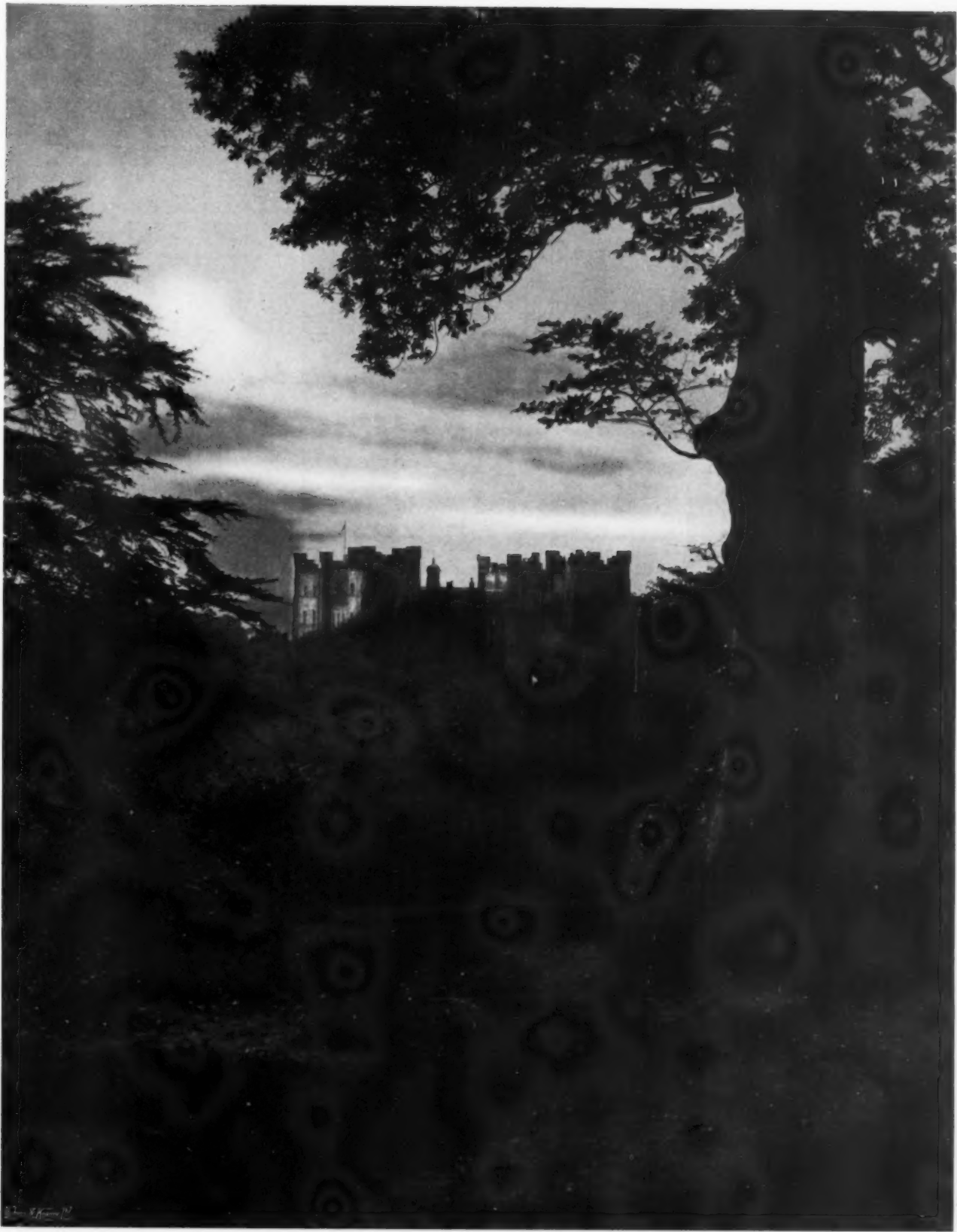
One of the earliest of this new type of house, which roughly resembles a Norman tower pulled open, as it were, to allow of a courtyard in the middle, is Bolton Castle in Wensleydale, of which the contract for building one-half exists, and is dated 1378. Sheriff Hutton, another Yorkshire example, dates from 1381, Wressle from between 1380 and 1390, and Bodiam in Sussex from 1385. Middleham is another Yorkshire instance, but the ranges of chambers in this case are built about the Norman great tower, probably by Ralph Lord Nevill of Raby, shortly after 1388. Lumley Castle was built by Ralph Lord Lumley, who obtained a licence to crenellate from Bishop Robert Skirlaw in 1389, and another from King Richard II. in 1392. Its plan is similar to that of the other examples of the type quoted above, consisting of four ranges of two-storeyed chambers disposed about a courtyard, and its picturesque outline is greatly enhanced by the bold masses of its battled corner towers, rising a stage above the main roofs. A nearer approach shows that later changes have somewhat marred the original aspect of the castle, all the windows of the south and west fronts having been converted into large square-headed openings. In the case of the hall these have over them a row of oval lights, and a doorway has been made in the middle of its length, opening on to a railed terrace, from which steps lead down to the garden. This doorway is practically the "front door" of the house. The original entrance is in the middle of the east front, through a gatehouse formed by two square turrets flanking a segmental-headed archway, and spanned at the parapet



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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



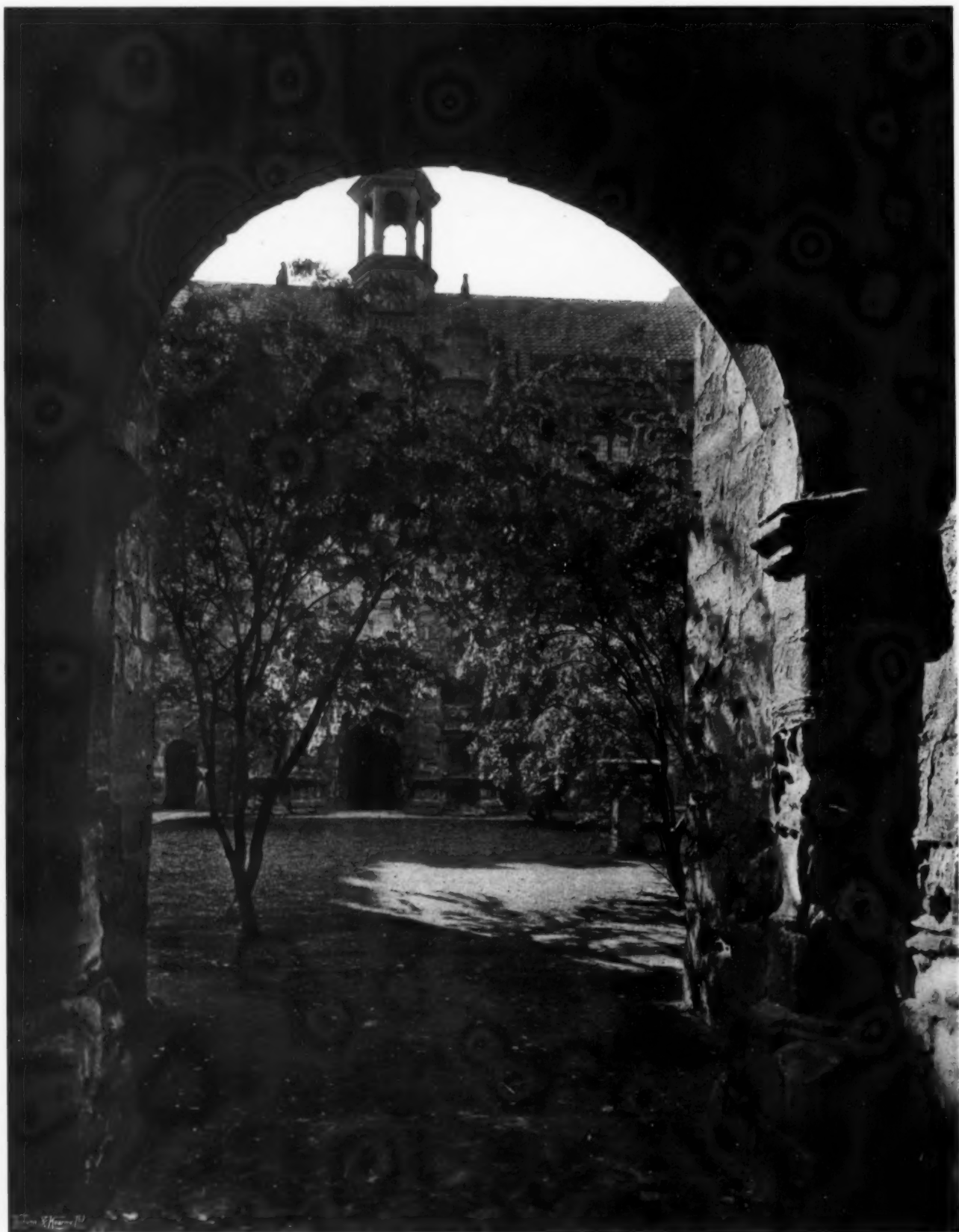
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"TOWERS AND BATTLEMENTS IT SEES
BOSOM'D HIGH IN TUFTED TREES,
WHERE PERHAPS SOME BEAUTY LIES,
THE CYNOSURE OF NEIGHBOURING EYES."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

level by a machicolated gallery partly hidden by traceried cusping. Over the archway are spirited carvings of the shields and crested helms of the builder, Ralph Lord Lumley, and of his kinsmen and brothers-in-arms, Sir John Gray, William Lord Hilton, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Ralph Lord Nevill of Raby, arranged in pairs, and of their liege lord King Richard II. The rest of the east front has been refaced and the windows modernised. The gatehouse passage opens into a charming quadrangular court, gay in spring with the gorgeous blossoms of a number of laburnum trees that deck the grass plat, with its bordering of stone flags, which nearly fills the court. Most of the windows looking into the court are now of simple Tudor character, with uncusped

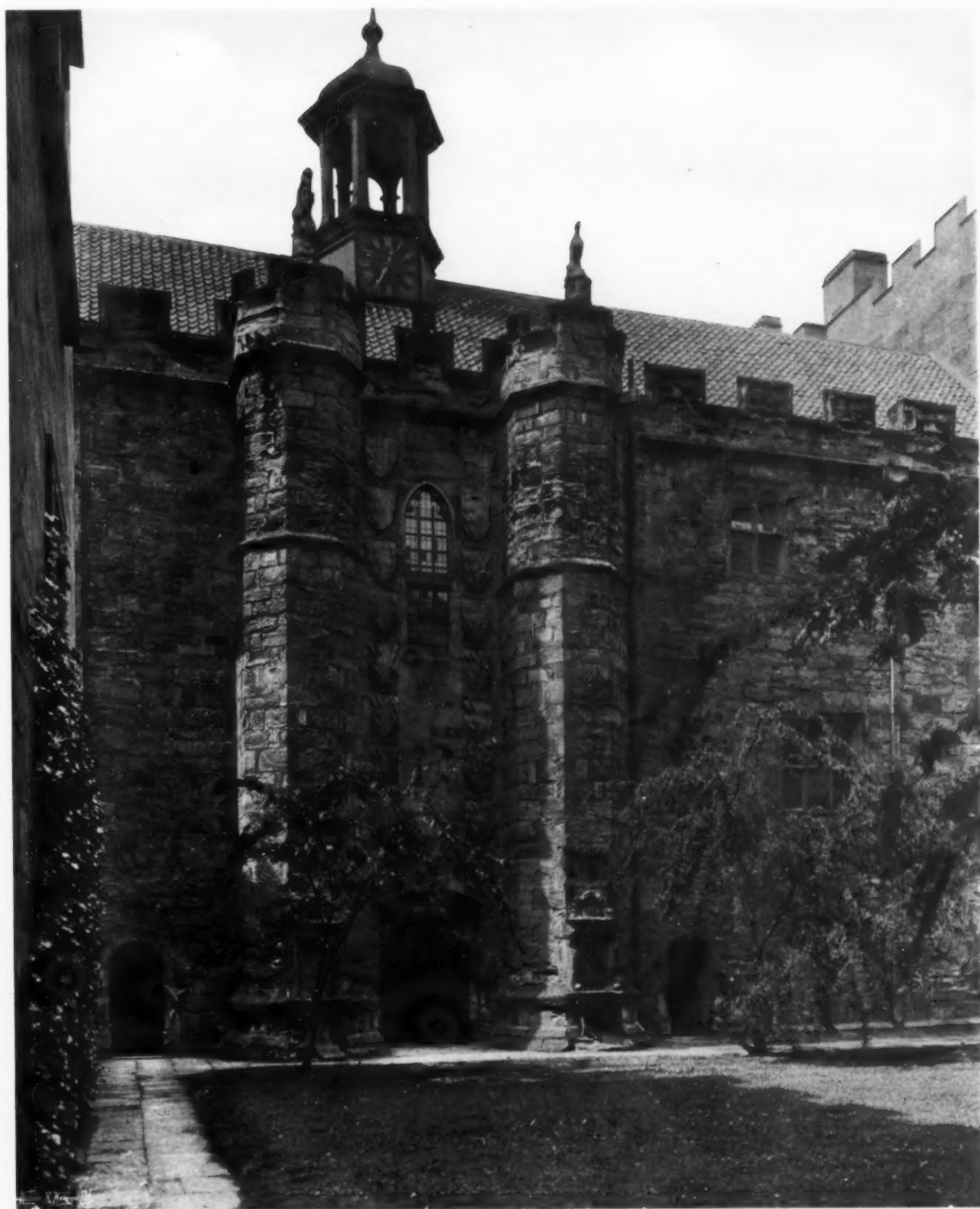
lights, the work of John Lord Lumley. This remarkable man succeeded his grandfather, who died in 1544, and lived on till 1609. His veneration for the memory of his ancestors must have been an all-absorbing passion, and to him is due the long series of monumental effigies of his forbears collected in the neighbouring church of Chester-le-Street. He also began the array of family portraits still to be seen in the great hall at Lumley. On the west side of the castle courtyard, between the pair of semi-octagonal turrets that form, with the archway between them, the inner gatehouse opposite the main entrance, John Lord Lumley likewise added a pedigree in stone. It takes the form of a double pile of sixteen shields, illustrating his descents from the first Lord of Lumley, about the time



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ACROSS THE COURT.

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ENTRANCE FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the Norman Conquest, and ending with three other shields of the arms of himself and his two wives. These must have been set up after 1577. On the extreme left of the inner gatehouse is one of the original pointed windows of the hall, and the place of another, now walled up by the mantel-piece within, may be seen between it and the gatehouse turret. In the base of each turret is a charming and rare example of a lavatory fountain of classical design, with the cistern chamber behind.

At the time of the building of Lumley Castle it was still the custom to live on the first and upper floors, consequently the ground storey throughout consisted only of vaulted chambers and passages, while each of the towers had also a vaulted basement. These cellars, as they were, remain for the most part, but on the south side the original vault has given way to one carried by rustic-work columns. This forms part of certain works projected by the first Earl of Scarbrough, who died in 1721, but carried out by Sir John Vanbrugh during the

lifetime of the second Earl. Previous to these works access to the upper floors was by ladders in the inner angles of the towers. But under Vanbrugh a new staircase was built on the south side of the court. Of the chambers on the first floor the chapel must first be mentioned. It occupies the area of the north-east tower, and has a vaulted ceiling of two bays with plainly chamfered ribs. The east window remains unaltered, but the two north windows have been modernised, probably when the chapel was subdivided into two bedrooms, apparently in the eighteenth century. The room over the chapel is, happily, complete, and retains its original windows and a fine fireplace of the sixteenth century. The third-floor room also preserves all its ancient features, but has been subdivided into several small rooms. The various rooms along the north front do not call for any special remark.

The north-west tower contains the kitchen, which occupies the height of the first and second floors of the other tower.

It is forty-four feet long and twenty-one and a-half feet wide, and has three large fireplaces. The great hall occupies most of the western range of the castle. It is fifty-eight and a-half feet long by thirty and a-half feet wide, but its roof is hidden by a flat plaster ceiling. In the east wall, besides two of the original fourteenth century windows, is a stately classical fireplace, surmounted by the armorial ensigns of John Lord Lumley

family, and a version of the well-known portrait of King Richard II. in the abbey church of Westminster, but here shown as presenting a patent of nobility to Sir Ralph Lumley, the builder of the castle. Here are also marble busts of King Henry VIII. and his three immediate successors on the throne. The old withdrawing-room, which occupies the principal floor of the south-west tower, is now known as the banqueting hall.



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WEST SIDE OF QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and his first wife, Joan Fitzalan, who died on March 9th, 1576-77. Both the dais and the gallery have disappeared, but the place of "the screens" is still marked by the three modern doorways in the north end, that led to the buttery, pantry and kitchen. Besides the series of family portraits, seventeen in number, which were painted for John Lord Lumley, there is a huge equestrian statue of Liulph, the reputed ancestor of the Lumley

The very interesting plaster-work with which the walls and ceiling are decorated is said to be the work of two Italians, brought here for the purpose by the second Earl of Scarborough. The walls are divided into panels ornamented with suspended medallions with heads of Roman Emperors, and over the doorways and the fireplace are pretty bas-reliefs in stucco with figures of children. The mantel-piece is a handsome one of



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THE WEST FRONT.

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ON THE ROOF.

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white marble. The panelled ceiling is flat, with a deep cove, with caryatides in the corners.

The main floor of the south front is occupied by the music-room and the dining-room. The latter has the walls covered with characteristic early eighteenth century wainscoting, with large, broad panels and a deep cornice, and carved architraves to the doors. The fireplace is of white marble, and has over

is not wainscoted, but has a nice marble fireplace, with a pedimented frame over it for a picture, and a deep plaster frieze and decorated ceiling. Two of the pictures represent John Lord Lumley, full length and in armour, and also in his baron's robes; and the third, another John Lord Lumley, who died in 1544. The drawing-room occupies the first floor of the south-east tower, but contains little of note beyond one of the original



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FIREPLACE IN THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it in a rich frame a quaint picture of two small boys, the sons of the first Earl of Scarbrough, in long dresses adorned with lace. The ceiling is flat, and only slightly panelled. The room contains some good examples of contemporary furniture. The other portraits represent the first Earl, in armour; his daughter Mary, wife of the first Earl of Halifax, who died in 1726; General Lumley, brother of the first Earl, also in armour; and Julia, daughter of Sir Christopher Conyers. The music-room

fourteenth century windows and a rich white marble mantelpiece. The portraits represent Joan Fitzalan, the first wife of John Lord Lumley, and a picture of her husband painted in 1563. This room also contains a nice panel of tapestry and some good seventeenth century furniture. The room over the drawing-room is the State bedroom. Its southern windows belong to the eighteenth century alterations of the front, but the east window is an original one of the



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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THE BANQUETING HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fourteenth century, with side seats. The view from the flat roofs of the corner towers is extensive. It will be seen that the house, built by Ralph Lord Lumley in the fourteenth century, remained practically unaltered until the incoming of John Lord Lumley, to whom are due the various insertions of the Tudor period. But the most drastic changes were those carried out by Sir John Vanbrugh for the second Earl of Scarbrough shortly after 1721, and to him must be credited the alterations that mar the west and south fronts. Despite these blemishes, Lumley Castle is yet a most stately place, and few North Country houses present so many points of interest.

W. H. St. J. H.

WITH THE SHORE-BIRDS IN MAY.

ON May 27th I spent a delightful day with the birds of the shore and foreland. It is during this month that the countless birds which pass the winter by the sea are reinforced by the migrants, which, while they choose this country of ours to nest in, find the climate too rigorous for them to remain through the winter. In the North-East of Scotland we have had up to the present too few days which have merited the title of "spring-like"; but the morning of our expedition is an eminently suitable one for our purpose, with a clear sun and bracing wind from the sea, and the joy of spring seems to affect all bird-land. We strike over a stretch of waste ground, too near a small fishing village to boast of much variety in bird-life save, perhaps, an occasional lark and meadow-pipit; but as we reach the river estuary we hear the whistle of the redshank and notice several common terns hovering above the surface of the water and often swooping down to capture one of the numerous sand-eels which form their chief food. No birds are more regular than the terns in the date of their arrival at their summer haunts. Year after year the first days of May see them arrive in great flocks at their favourite meeting grounds, where they add an immense charm to the dreary sand-dunes where they nest. At the time of our visit the beautiful little lesser tern had not as yet put in an appearance; but it is probably the last of all our summer emigrants to arrive, and does not nest till June at the earliest. It is a regrettable fact that the lesser tern has been now almost banished from Scotland, and in the Colonies, where it still does nest, is holding its own only where protection is afforded. Besides the terns, we note a number of ringed plover and some oyster-catchers and dunlin still flocked. As the latter birds never nest on the coast-line in this district, it is surmised that they have not yet ascended the river to their summer homes; but it is very late in the year to see the birds still in companies. We cross the estuary by boat, and on the further side join the keeper, who has kindly offered his services as guide, and who has been "spying" at us through his glass even before we have reached the river-side. The district literally swarms with eider-duck, and many pairs are flying swiftly up and down the river, the drake flying only a foot or two away



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THE CANTEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from his mate, and the two birds looking strangely unlike—he in resplendent black and white plumage and she in sombre brown array. As yet not one hen in a hundred has commenced to brood, and thus, almost without exception, they are still in pairs; but in a month's time the ducks will be sitting hard and the males for the most part out at sea. The keeper informs us that the eiders have only been ashore about a fortnight, so it is probable that they pair before arriving at their nesting sites. A solitary cormorant is resting on the sands at the water's edge—evidently digesting a meal—and on seeing us walks slowly into the water with evident reluctance and swims off with the tide. We soon become aware that a pair of ringed plover have a nest in the vicinity by the anxious behaviour of the parent birds, and after a careful search we discover a nest, containing four eggs, which harmonise with the surrounding shingle in an extraordinary way. In the nests of the plover family the eggs are almost invariably found with their small ends lying together in the centre of the nest, for in this position they take up less room; but the ringed plover seems, in this respect, to be less particular than its relations, and in the nest above spoken of the eggs were lying anyhow. A few yards away we find several artificial nests, doubtless scraped by the birds in order to put the intruder off the scent. The nest of the ringed plover is beautifully lined with small shells and pebbles, and one nest that we find the bird has forsaken owing to a large stone in the centre of the nest, which she had probably unearthed while scraping the hollow and which she had not sufficient strength to remove.

As we make our way along the sand-dunes a pair of shelduck rise in front of us, and the keeper is of opinion that they have a nest in one of the numerous rabbit burrows in the vicinity. The sheldrake is a wonderfully handsome bird in his striking black and white plumage, and the duck, curiously enough, is as handsome as her mate. Though many terns have arrived, the great bulk of the colony has not as yet put in an appearance, and we notice some of the earlier arrivals flying backwards and forwards out to sea, as though they were on the look-out for the remainder. Our way leads us through a stretch of shingle where the lesser terns have their nests in June; but as yet not a single bird has arrived, and the only signs of life here are a pair of ringed plover, which endeavour to decoy us away from their nesting site. We hear and see several belated curlew, which have not yet returned to their moorland homes, for the curlew never nest on the coast, and pass a thriving colony of black-headed gulls, which, the keeper informs us, do an immense amount of harm by purloining the eggs of the birds nesting near them. We soon reach a large stretch of moorland, bounded on the east by the sea, and stretching several miles inland. This moor, notwithstanding its proximity to the sea, gives excellent grouse-shooting, as many as fifty brace being killed in the course of a single day. The moor is very exposed to the fierce winds which sweep in from the North Sea during winter, and in places the heather is very stunted and weather-beaten. The plants and lichen one finds here resemble very closely those growing on the summits of the Cairngorm Mountains, over four thousand feet above sea-level! In the short heather, and quite exposed, we find an eider-duck sitting on her nest; but she flies off before we have time to photograph her, showing a nest with a liberal quantity of down. It is as yet very early to find brooding eiders, and this is the only nest we come across during the day. A little further on a grouse is



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LUMLEY CASTLE: THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

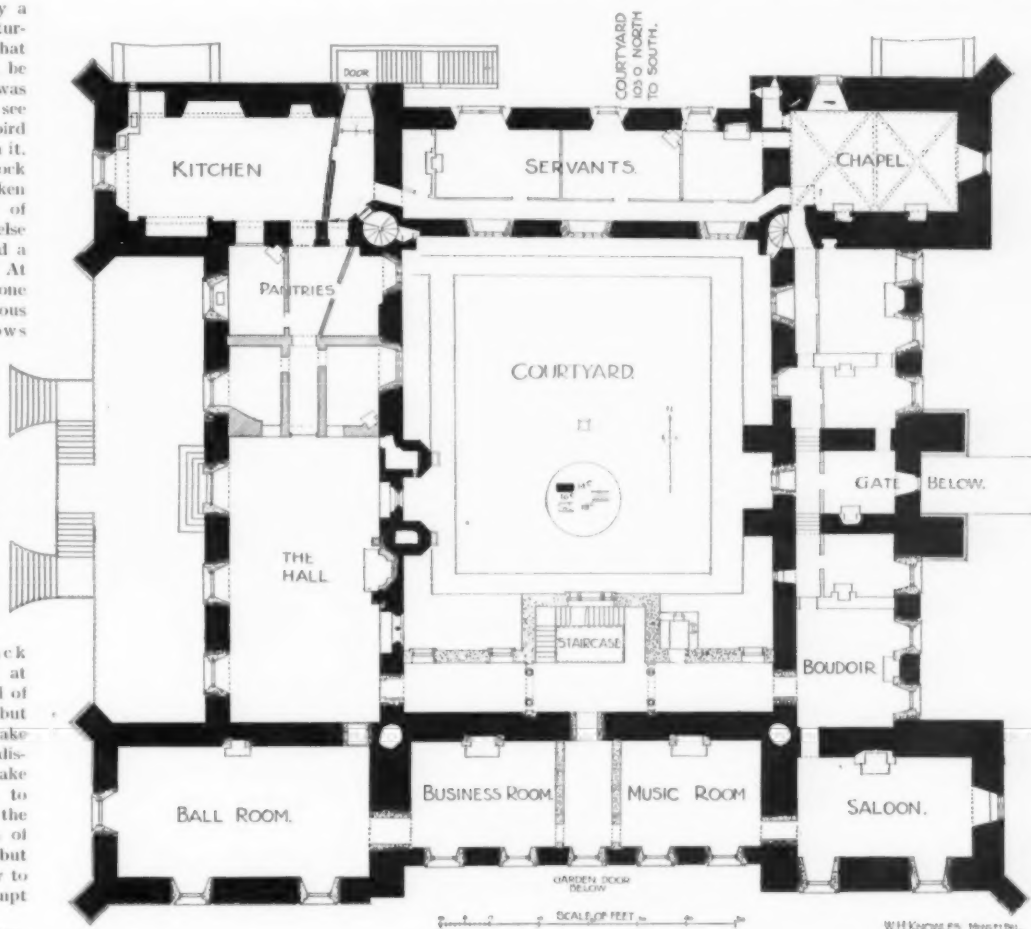
sitting very close on her nest situated among long heather, and as we reach the edge of a tiny loch a pair of redshank rise and fly excitedly round us, showing that they have a nest near. The keeper tells us that a few days before he found a redshank's nest, and a little later discovered the hen bird lying dead a few yards away—evidently killed by a hawk. He naturally imagined that the nest would be deserted, but was surprised to see that another bird was brooding on it. Either the cock had himself taken up the duties of incubation or else he had procured a second mate. At the mouth of one of the numerous rabbit burrows we are delighted to see the footmarks of a shelduck, and by the aid of a walking-stick inserted at arm's length into the hole we are able to just touch the eggs, which are fully six feet down the burrow. The alarmed duck remains silent at the extreme end of the burrow, but we hear the drake calling in the distance. We make several efforts to extract one of the eggs by means of a walking-stick, but have ultimately to give up the attempt as hopeless.

As the afternoon is now drawing on, we make

our way back to the estuary from which we started in the early morning, noticing as we go a large flock of eiders, numbering fully one hundred, and all paired, swimming in a small bay guarded by rocks on either side. By the time we gain the estuary darkness has set in, and we hear a mavis, perched on a solitary tree,

imitating the call-notes of the ringed plover and redshank to perfection. In the gloaming eider-ducks and oyster-catchers fly noiselessly up and down the river, while flocks of dunlin swerve and wheel with marvellous precision. The moon has now risen over the sea, and in the moonlight ringed plover can be heard calling plaintively all round, while a lapwing flies up and settles a few feet from us, all unconscious of its close proximity to danger. The tide is now flowing fast, and with the sea water the sea-trout are entering the river, and are rising all round us. Some salmon-fishers, returning from their nets, row slowly by, and disturb a solitary curlew. As the moon rises the scene becomes more and more beautiful, the river in its rays showing as a silver streak, and it is with reluctance that we leave this delightful spot and seek civilisation once again.

SETON GORDON.



LUMLEY CASTLE: FIRST-FLOOR PLAN.

ON IVINGHOE BEACON.

BY ROBIN FLOWER.

The Beacon over Ivinghoe
Lifts up into the sky
A soaring shoulder out of earth
Where swift cloud-shadows fly,
And winds in the bent grasses make
A murmured minstrelsy.

There did we lie and watch at ease
The armies of the spring
Across the winter-guarded vale
Their gallant outposts fling
By Amersham and Aylesbury,
By Wendover and Wing.

The Saxon and the Roman here
These winds and suns have felt,
And underneath this arch of sky
At this green altar knelt,
And the same night has gathered all,
The Roman, Saxon, Celt.

I saw your eyes turn strange, your lips
Were cold against my kiss
And far behind your speech there dwelt
Strange wavering mysteries
—The patient legions of the dead
Spoke from their world to this—

And "Ah!" you cried, "you cherish now
My beauty like a flower,
But how, when the soft graces fade,
The magic lights lose power
And Time that did my body build
Unbuilds it hour by hour?"

And will you, when deep winter chills
The seasons of desire,
And love, the tattered balladist,
Thrums on a ragged wire,
Past the grey hair and glazing eye
Discern the hearted fire?"

Alone I climb the Beacon now
And watch the world outrolled,
The farms, the fields, the breadth of sky,
The wide unbroken wold,
And autumn's traitor banners hung
Above the woods of gold.

It was my fault, that in Love's wells
I troubled the clear springs
And looking in his burning eyes
Recked little of his wings,
And, being but a mortal made,
Dreamed of immortal things.

LABOUR ON THE FARM.

IN the latest volume of "The Standard Encyclopædia of Modern Agriculture" there is an article on labour on the farm, which we prefer to notice in detail in preference to skimming over the thousand and one useful contributions to the volume. The photographs we have had taken to illustrate the picturesque side of labour, for from the beginning of civilisation the hind in the furrowed field has been the admiration of both the philosopher and the lover of beauty. But the farmer, although he may have as fine a taste as another, is compelled by the exigencies of his profession to look at labour from a more material standpoint, and at present his perplexity is greater than usual because of the introduction of new motive forces. The latter he is compelled to acknowledge are effective, but it is his business to consider economy as well as efficiency. The whole subject has been very carefully and exhaustively treated by Professor Wrightson, late professor at Downton Agricultural College. He divides labour into mechanical and manual. Under the latter term he includes the work which a

usually at the same time they are deteriorating in value. We must take things as they are in this world, and it is nonsense to say that a careful farmer will put away his mowing and reaping machines so well that they will receive no injury during months of idleness. On the average farm perfection in carefulness is not to be calculated on, and machinery that is kept idle during the winter is generally found to be less valuable when brought out in the spring.

Another question that the farmer must decide is the choice between horses and steam. Within the memory of men not so very old horses or water furnished the motive power for many things which now are driven by steam. For instance, threshing used almost invariably to be done either by water force or by horses. It is now more common to utilise steam, and this is made profitable chiefly because of the itinerant thresher which goes from farm to farm. It would not pay the owner of a farm of mixed husbandry to set up a steam threshing apparatus for work that can be got through in about one week of the year. He would have no interest on his capital for the remainder. Now let us look into the cost of horses. Professor Wrightson



A. J. Linford.

THE STRAINING TEAM.

Copyright.

man does with a tool or with horses, and under the former the various motive powers that find a place in agriculture. He begins by showing very properly that the farm hand possesses an advantage over mechanical appliances in the possession of intelligence. The consideration in favour of machinery is economic in character. Hand-made goods always command a better price than machine-made goods in the market, and on the same principle mowing, reaping, hoeing, digging and kindred work can always be better done with the hand than with the aid of a machine. Therefore, the farmer has to consider before buying machinery how much it will save him in wages and how much it will cost him in loss of crop. Professor Wrightson points out that "in grass the heaviest part lies nearest the ground, and as the scythe can go deeper than the machine mowing may make a difference of two to three hundredweight per acre, or of from six to nine shillings." Further, a very large proportion of the machines required on a farm are needed only for a season. Thus cutting machines are used during the hay and corn harvest. For the rest of the year they are lying idle and

takes the value of an average farm-horse as forty pounds at six years old and twenty pounds at sixteen years old. While his deterioration is only at the rate of two pounds per annum, certain risks and incidental expenses are incurred with horses. They are in danger from fire. Probably very few men have farmed for any length of time without losing horses from this cause. Professor Wrightson works this in as part of the risks from death and accident. He also adds a sum for depreciation and interest. A horse has to be shod, and the ploughs, harrows and waggons which it draws must be repaired from time to time. Harness has to be provided and repaired, stables have to be built and kept up, litter and veterinary attendance have to be provided. At the end he agrees with the calculation of Mr. John Algernon Clarke that in parting with a horse in favour of steam power a saving of forty-one pounds per annum is effected. Since the sixties a considerable reduction in the cost of horse-keeping has been effected. In Morton's "Hand Book of Farm Labour" the average cost of summer food was worked out at eight shillings per week; of autumn food at nine shillings and



W. H. Cox.

LABOURING THE SOIL.

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WELCOME REFRESHMENT.

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sixpence per week; of winter feeding at six shillings and fourpence per week; and of spring feeding nearly ten shillings per week, making an average for food for the year of eight shillings and fivepence-halfpenny per week, or twenty-two pounds per annum. Now Professor Wrightson works it out at seventeen pounds eleven shillings and sixpence; but, of course, in calculating the upkeep of a horse, more than the food must be taken into account, such as litter, shoeing and blacksmith's work, harness, stable utensils and so on.

Professor Wrightson may by some be considered a little old-fashioned in his strong advocacy of the horse; but he sets forth his facts in a very detailed and practical form, and they are well worthy of consideration. His section on the cost of tillages ought to be most carefully studied. The result he arrives at is, if you take the average cost of one two-horse team for sixty acres of land of mixed farming, the land being about two-thirds arable, the horses will cost about sixteen shillings and eightpence per acre each, or, roughly speaking, the outlay on horse labour on a farm of the ordinary class will be from fifteen to twenty shillings an acre. The cost of manual labour on farms worked on the four-course system is generally assumed at thirty shillings per acre, and it is less on large mixed farms. On a modern farm there are the following classes of labourers: The foreman, the head-carter, hind or teamsman, the cattleman or dairyman, the engine-driver and the barnman. Where there are water-meadows there will also be a meadman, and on dairy-farms there must be milkers. Female labour is still very largely employed

in Northumberland and north of it, where the women do hoeing, hay-making, weed-picking, potato-gathering and jobs of that kind.

The organisation of the labour on the farm is always of very great importance. On a fine old-fashioned holding where the work is done as thoroughly as on any of the newer types of farm the head of the place is the farmer himself. Of course, there are gentlemen who do farming, or rather relegate it to an agent and only use the land for their own pleasure. We are not concerned with this type for the present. The good farmer is at the head of his own men. It is not possible for him to remain the whole day in a field with one particular gang of workers, and it usually pays him to possess one or two good nags, which enables him to visit all the gangs of labourers in the course of the day, and to see that everything is going on all right. We are speaking broadly of a farm of mixed tillage, where sowing, weeding or hoeing may be going on in one field, while in another the shepherd is busy washing his sheep, or doing something else to them, and at the

same time the herdsman may be employed in some important operation with his cattle. The farmer who wishes to keep everything in his eye must go from one to another, and on a holding of moderate extent the cost of a good hack results in profit and not loss. The next in importance to him usually remains in charge of the largest and most important body of workers. In the North of England this man is called the steward, and on a really large tenancy it is common for him to have an assistant called the women's steward, who



HOMEWARD.

attends to the female labour on the farm. The position of the steward is a responsible one, and the great point in choosing him is to select a man whose honesty is beyond cavil. It not infrequently happens that after a considerable period of service the steward is able to start farming on his own account, and

right that he should be a just as well as an honest man. On many farms the shepherd holds a place independent of the steward or bailiff.

The flock is a department to itself, and the work of shepherding seems to develop qualities peculiar to it. A



J. T. Newman.

EASY RIDING.

Copyright.

many are the stories concerning the questionable means with which he is said to secure this end. He must do a great deal of buying and selling, and as the treatment of the ordinary labourers is a matter for which he is responsible, it is only

shepherd would not be worthy of his keep on a farm who was not prepared to act on his own initiative at any moment of crisis, or who had to refer to anybody else for instructions in the ordinary routine of his work. He ought to understand

sheep thoroughly, and in places where he is paid in part by being allowed to run his own sheep in the flock he very often develops a shrewd insight into buying and selling, as well as a knowledge of his craft.

The dairyman is also a very responsible person, and ought to be able to do his work without consulting his superior. It is absolutely necessary that he should understand the mating and calving of cows, the breeding of pigs, the management of poultry and the making of butter and cheese. Professor Wrightson considers that the dairyman ought to be able to look after a hundred cows, and that in a large dairy he should be supported by milkers at the rate of one

to ten or eleven cows. The latter ought to be able to give assistance in bedding the cows, cleaning up litter, as well as in the actual work of milking. On a very small proportion of farms an attempt is made to reduce the manual labour by the introduction of mechanical milkers; but these can scarcely yet have been said to be established as a success on the usual run of farm. The number of ordinary labourers is reckoned at about one to every hundred acres on a large farm. Customs vary in regard to them. In the North of England each ploughman takes care of his own team. In the South the stockman is responsible for all the horses, and in every locality it is best to follow the local custom.

LORD ROSEBERY'S STUD.

ALTHOUGH Neil Gow was not successful last week in winning for his owner the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, the brilliant prospects enjoyed before his slight mishap lend interest to the stud from which he comes. Over the Mentmore and the Durdans Studs, of both of which Lord Rosebery is owner, there hangs a glamour from the past, and the visitor must be dull of mind if he fails to respond to the influences that surround him. At Mentmore the statue of King Tom recalls the days when Hannah, Corisande and Favonius wrote their names large in the pages of Turf history; and to come down to more recent days, does not the presence of Ladas remind us of the Derby Day of 1894, when, at once Prime Minister of his country and owner and breeder of the winner of the Derby, Lord Rosebery received a marvellous assurance of the esteem of his fellow-countrymen and of his own individual popularity? Lord Rosebery does not wear his heart upon his sleeve; but it must be that, perhaps when, on some quiet evening, he strolls about the paddocks, he recalls to mind the year which saw the realisation of his ambitions, and when on that summer afternoon at Epsom there came to him one of those mighty minutes that seldom enter into the lives of men. Fortunate in the possession of two separate breeding establishments, both



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SIR VISTO, BY BARCOLDINE—VISTA.

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eminently suitable for the purpose in view and yet sufficiently dissimilar in soil and climate to ensure a complete change whenever such may be thought advisable for his stock, Lord Rosebery is himself a thoroughly practical and successful breeder of bloodstock. To the mating of each of his mares he gives earnest consideration, and to the final selection of the sires with whom they are to be mated he brings to bear the knowledge derived from a long and practical study of the most successful combinations of the various strains of blood; and the many successes achieved bear ample testimony to the soundness of his judgment.

The stud consists at present of three stallions, twenty-one mares, fourteen yearlings, of which six are colts, and ten foals, five of which are fillies. Of the stallions, Ladas, foaled in 1891, is the senior in point of age. By Hampton out of Illuminata (1), he still bears himself well and shows all that exquisite quality which was one of his distinguishing characteristics in his racing days. Unbeaten as a two year old, and winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby, to which, but for the fact that Loates could not hold him, the St. Leger Stakes would have been added, it is surprising that the services of so well-bred a horse have not been more eagerly sought after by breeders. To some extent that may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that at one time Ladas had acquired



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CICERO, BY CYLLENE—GAS.

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the reputation of being possessed of a bad temper; but high courage, if not properly controlled, and a nervous, highly-strung temperament, may easily be mistaken for temper; and now, at all events, there is no reason why this horse should labour under the imputation of being bad-tempered. He is, moreover, sure with his mares, and there is yet ample time for him to show us a descendant worthy of himself.

Of quite a different stamp is Sir Visto (4), a strong bay horse by Barcaldine out of Vista. For some reason or another a sojourn in Ireland did Sir Visto no good, and on his return to England he presented a very sorry aspect. At the Cobham Stud he began to pick up and gain strength, and now at eighteen years of age he looks the picture of robust health and condition, with a neck and crest as hard as iron and good firm flesh on his ribs. A study of his pedigree suggests his value as a sire, especially, perhaps, as a suitable outcross for speedy and excitable mares. He won both the Derby and the St. Leger Stakes, and if not quite in the same class as Ladas, was, nevertheless, a good and consistent race-horse and could stay as well as gallop.

We now come to Cicero, by Cyllene out of Gas. Winner of the Derby in 1905, he has grown and furnished into a singularly



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MONTEM, BY CICERO (LEFT) AND GLORIANA.

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GAS, THE DAM OF CICERO.

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beautiful horse, combining power with quality, and showing, as may be seen in the excellent picture of him which accompanies these notes, unmistakable traces of his distant Barb ancestors in the lines of his neck and clean blood-like head. With all his elegance of outline, Cicero is compact in build, and is noticeable for his muscular loins and back. He has already got stock that can race, and breeders will, no doubt, note that not only does he "stamp" his stock, but that he imparts to them a remarkable soundness of constitution. The young Ciceros—such, at all events, of them as the writer has seen—are all good "doers," and there is every reason to believe that a brilliant stud career is in store for the most recent of Lord Rosebery's Derby winners.

Looking through the pedigrees of the mares, it is noticeable that nine of them, Chelandry, Chelys, Gas, Martial

Note, Rhetoric, Samphire, Turpitude, Valve, and Wraith, belong to the No. (1) Bruce Lowe family; four, Attic Salt, Gloriana, Montem and Salt Hill, to the No. 11 (sire family); then Janfarie, Mauchline and Sonly Bess are members of family No. 10, to which belongs Galicia, dam of Bayardo and Lemberg. Family No. 16 is represented by Catscradle, Oriole, Loveite and Prune; and family No. (4) has Appenine for its solitary representative.

A good stamp of a brood mare is Gas, by Ayrshire 8 out of Illuminata, by Rosicrucian (5). Most of her produce have been able to go a bit, by far the best of them as yet having been Cicero, the Derby winner of 1905. Another of our pictures is that of Chelandry (1), a beautifully if somewhat delicately bred mare by Goldfinch out of Illuminata, several of whose produce, notably Fraquair and Neil Gow, have been colts of brilliant promise and performance. She has now a very good-looking yearling filly by William III. and has been covered by Marco, sire of Neil Gow. Gloriana II, by Ladas out of Avilion, by Camelard out of Myra, by Doncaster, is in appearance a typical brood mare; she is young, her yearling colt by William III. is a lengthy, racing-like



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BROWN COLT BY JOHN O' GAUNT.

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FOUR BEAUTIFUL FILLIES BY CICERO.

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BAY COLT BY VELOCITY—GAS.

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youngster, and her filly foal by Bachelor's Button promises well.

Of the yearlings there are four fillies, of any one of which a breeder might well be proud. So good, indeed, are these that it is hard to make up one's mind as to which of them may eventually be the best. So evenly turned, so well balanced and so thoroughly racing-like is the bay daughter of Chelandry by William III., that as they walk round she seems to be the one to choose; but what about that white-blazed bay filly by Cicero out of Rosalba? Look at her heart room and girth and the liberty of her movements; and then what fault can be found with the strong-backed brown filly by Velocity out of Loveite? Not quite the quality, perhaps, of the two others, but such a sort! Look at her loins and second thighs and note her girth and strong shoulders, and which of them is the best? But wait a minute; there is yet another well worth looking at—a bay filly by Velocity out of Valve, and a rare good one she is too. Most people would, I suppose, prefer the William III. filly out of Chelandry, and I daresay they would be right; but somehow or other I must confess to a liking for Rosalba's white-blazed daughter; and at that we must leave the fillies and go off to look at a short-backed, short-legged bay colt by Robert le Diable out of Samphire. Hitherto Lord Carnarvon's horse has been rather disappointing as a sire; but with this colt it may well be that his

chance has come, for if all goes well with him, the youngster is bound to race. There is plenty to like, too, about a good quality colt by Velocity out of Gas, and there are great possibilities in favour of a big upstanding colt by John o' Gaunt out of Oriole. Just now he is all wings and legs; but there is plenty of scope about him, and if he makes his growth in the right way, he should turn out well.

It is worthy of note that at Mentmore the soil is mostly clay; but it is here that for many years race-horses of the highest class have been bred and reared, and it is here that were bred the three colts, Ladas, Sir Visto and Cicero, that enable Lord Rosebery to stand alone among living breeders as having bred and owned three winners of the Derby. Nor perhaps is the tale yet told, for as far as it is given to mortals to foresee, the day is not far distant when once again the victory of a Mentmore-bred colt will set the Epsom echoes ringing.

W. A. Rouch.

LADAS, BY HAMPTON—ILLUMINATA.

T. H. B.



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any land since the Act came into operation are London, Carnarvon and Merioneth. The following councils only acquired very small quantities: West Sussex, Brecon, Westmorland, Radnor, Anglesey, Notts, Middlesex, East Sussex and East Suffolk. The adaptation and equipment of small holdings by the County Councils cost a total of £71,977. There does not seem to have been any great demand for houses, as the total erected was only seventy-four, of which thirty-five were put up by the Cheshire County Council, mostly in connection with the Ledsham Estate. It may not be out of place to interpolate a brief description of this transaction. The property was sold by public auction to the Cheshire County Council in July of 1908. It consisted of 853 acres, of which the greater part was pasture, although 188 acres were arable and

thirty-one acres were taken up by plantation, roads and so on. The price paid for the estate was £35,000.

Entry was made on February 2nd, 1909, and building operations commenced soon after, although many of the tenants did not take absolute possession of their houses and buildings until August, 1909. The property has been divided into twenty-four agricultural holdings instead of the six in which it was originally let. Four of the new tenants occupy the houses and buildings already in existence. The following paragraph describes what has been done for the others: "A good dwelling-house, comprising a living-room, parlour, scullery, wash-house, large milk-house and dairy, and earth-closets detached, together with three bedrooms, have been provided for each of sixteen of the agricultural holdings. Suitable buildings containing a cow-house for from eight to fourteen cows, according to the acreage of the holdings, with loose-box, cart-house, mixing-house and granary, two-stall stable, cart and implement shed, three calf kits and pig-styes have also been provided."

To return to the general report. One word should be said as to the capital of the new tenants. The County Land Agent in Cornwall made enquiries, which showed that 296 persons in all applied for 4,489 acres, and that their united capital amounted to £32,195. This is about £112 for each applicant, and of £7 for each acre applied for. If Cornwall be a fair sample of the rest of the country, it must be admitted that the small holders start with a satisfactory amount of capital and tolerably good prospects. In the section of the report which deals with the scheme the remarks about co-operation possess most value. This is strongly urged upon small holders by the Board of Agriculture. It urges the formation of co-operative dairy societies on a scale sufficiently large to enable them to command the services of thoroughly competent managers. The oft-alluded to Eastern Counties Farmers' Association is brought forth again as an example. Emphasis is laid on the opinion that "if each small holder attempts to deal as an isolated unit not only with the productive but also with the distributive side of his business, it is certain he cannot hope to get the best market prices for his produce." A striking instance of the failure of individual work is given. A few months ago in many parts of Wales eggs were sold at prices ranging from 7s. 6d. to 10s. for 120, or just about half the wholesale prices in London, Manchester and other large centres of population. As an instance of what can be done by combination the experience of the Derby Co-operative Society in connection with cheese is quoted. In 1901 the society purchased for sale to its members a weekly average of 31cwt. of Canadian cheese and only 5cwt. of English cheese. The latter was bought from a firm of dealers

THE SMALL HOLDINGS REPORT.

CONSIDERABLE attention will be paid to the annual report which has just been issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries of proceedings under the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, 1908, and similar measures. Under the latter phrase are included the Universities and College Estates Act, the Glebe Lands Act, 1888, the Improvement of Land Acts, the Settled Lands Acts, the Agricultural Holdings Acts and certain other Acts. As the subject is of much importance, it may be useful to summarise as clearly and briefly as possible the results which have actually been achieved. The demand for small holdings has been very large, and at the end of last year the total area which the County Councils in England and Wales had acquired for the purpose amounted to 60,889 acres. From the figures given it appears that the average price paid for the land was a fraction more than £32 per acre. More than half of the land was in vacant possession, and has been actually let to 2,791 individual small holders. It is very remarkable that only 28 acres have been sold, and that the purchasers were but two in number. The fact is stated without comment in the report but it seems to point either to something that is considered hard in the terms, or a preference for a tenancy. The latter is the probable explanation. Of course, every small holder would be very glad to own his acres, but the choice for him lies between investing his capital in land and buying the seeds, manure, implements and stock that are required to cultivate the land profitably.

In the report it is distinctly stated that the number of applicants who desire to purchase holdings is still a very small proportion of the total number of applicants. The average size of the holding provided is twelve acres, which is the size of the holding applied for. Much interest attaches to the districts in which small holdings are most popular. Norfolk again heads the list with 2,272 acres, followed by Hunts with 2,244, Somerset with 1,976, Northumberland with 1,788, Pembroke with 1,570, Kesteven with 1,283, Cambridge with 1,221, Devon with 1,193, Isle of Ely with 1,170, Beds with 1,160, East Riding with 1,006, Dorset with 1,063, Monmouth with 1,048 and Essex with 1,007. The counties which have not acquired

who obtained their supplies from farmers in Derbyshire and Staffordshire at a ruinously low price, and who sold to retailers at prices which enabled the Canadians to cut out the English farmers in their own districts. A change was made last year, when the society began to develop trade with the English producer direct. The result is that it is now taking an average of 40cwt. a week of Derbyshire cheese as against 26cwt. of Canadian cheese. The conclusion drawn is that "there seems no doubt that if all the large industrial distributive Co-operative Societies would undertake to organise the trade of the agricultural societies and to purchase their produce at fair market prices, they would be able to obtain the bulk of their supplies from home sources, and the producers could rely on far better prices than they now obtain from local dealers or hucksters."

One word as to the general conclusions arrived at in the report. Naturally, they are a little optimistic in character.

The Board is very satisfied at the progress made by the County Councils, and ventures even to state that "We believe also that the great majority of the schemes which are now in working order will prove successful." One can only hope that the event will justify this bold prophecy, but the statement in the next paragraph is likely to give rise to argument. It is to the effect that small holdings give more occupation both to capital and labour on the land, and that the result will be a greater productiveness, so that if necessary the small holders can afford to pay rents considerably in excess of those paid by large farmers. The report will not have it that small holdings can only succeed in certain districts. They are rather given as a universal panacea. The ideal situation for a small holding is one where the soil is good, the climate favourable, markets near, common rights available, and where there is plenty of outside work by means of which the small holders may supplement their income.

THE KINGFISHER.



A. Taylor.

EYES RIGHT!

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THERE is a widespread popular belief in this country that a kingfisher's nest "in perfect condition" is worth far more than its weight in gold, one hundred pounds being sometimes suggested as a suitable price for such a rarity! Scarcely a year passes without the writer receiving letters—generally, it must be said, extremely illiterate ones—offering to supply the nest and eggs of this beautiful little bird for some equally exorbitant sum. It is a well-known fact that the kingfisher makes no nest in the strict sense of the word, but excavates a hole for nesting purposes in some suitable bank, generally in the neighbourhood of water. The hole, which usually slopes upwards from the entrance, is some two or three

feet in length and terminates in a little circular chamber. Here from six to eight rounded and highly glossy white eggs are laid on the bare earth, or, if the nesting site is an old one, on a thick bed of minute fish-bones, the castings of generations of young kingfishers. If undisturbed, the same hole is often used for many years, two broods being sometimes reared in a season, for young have been observed as early as the middle of March and as late as the end of July.

Strange situations, often at a considerable distance from any water, are not infrequently selected. As instances of this the writer may mention a railway cutting, a rifle-pit and a deep bunker on a golf course on the outskirts of London, in all



A. Taylor.

IN PERCHED ATTENTION.

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of which places successive broods were reared. When the young are hatched, the old birds have a busy time before them in keeping them supplied with food, for they are extremely voracious. Though small fishes form the chief article of diet, this is supplemented by large numbers of dragon-flies, water-beetles and small crustacea, which are generally offered in a half-digested state, more easily assimilated by the hungry youngsters.

When the young are about three weeks old and well feathered, they may be seen perched on some bough outside their subterranean home clamouring for food, and it would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing sight. Their plumage,

even at that early stage of their existence, is nearly as brilliant as that of their parents; but the orange rufous colour of the fore-neck and breast is overspread with ashy grey. Among the groups representing the nesting series of British birds at the Natural History Museum, a very instructive and characteristic nesting site of the kingfisher is exhibited. In this, part of the bank has been removed to show the internal construction of the burrow



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A MOMENT'S BLISS.

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and four of the young, eighteen days old, which were still being fed by the parent bird. Two young birds, perched outside the entrance, also formed part of the brood; they were respectively six and seven weeks old, and had up to that age been successfully reared by hand. In spite of the large number that are annually destroyed for the sake of their bright plumage and for making artificial flies, the kingfisher is still tolerably common in many parts of the United Kingdom; but it is rare towards the North of Scotland and both scarce and local in Ireland. Its straight darting flight and shrill triple note as it dashes along like a brilliant meteor over the water are familiar to many; likewise its absolute

stillness as it sits on some bough overhanging the water, watching for some small fish in the stream below. When its keen and ever-alert glance has detected an unwary minnow, it plunges head-foremost into the water and very rarely fails to secure its prey. The fish is then carefully knocked on the head and swallowed like medicine which has to be well shaken before taken.

W. R. O.G.



A. Taylor.

"JOCUND LITTLE FOWLES."

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THE HIGH ROAD.

By H. H. BASHFORD.



J. M. Whitehead.

A BRIDLE PATH.

Copyright.

Oh once you were a bridle-path,
A hundred years and more ago,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
Your slender way you went.
Great-grandad was not married then,
I wonder whom you carried then,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
By many a steep ascent.

*On steady horse they went their way,
My stripling shoulders bore them well,
Across the hills and o'er the hills,
By valleys green and gold,
The gipsy to his tent I took,
The landlord for his rent I took,
The lover to his lady's hearth,
The farmer to his fold.*

And now you carry motor-cars,
Are broad and white and fair to see,
Important people know you well,
So straight you are and strong,
And now you carry kings sometimes,
The tramp of armies rings sometimes,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
Your mighty ways along.

*Yes, now I carry kings sometimes,
Important people know me well,
And men of wealth and motor-cars
I bear from town to town,
If only I could know them now,
What wonders I could show them now,
The simple folk that loved me once,
Before I gained renown.*

Dear road, your secret tell me now,
Who also would be great like you,
And rise above my present lot,
And lose my humble name,
How came it that the bridle-path,
The slender, fond, and idle path,
That once you were in days gone by
Has won so great a fame.

*Grim engines have gone over me,
With granite have they walled me in,
With iron tools they wrought at me,
And laboured long and late,
'Twas thus I had to pay for it,
And there's no other way for it,
They hammer down your wayward earth
And so they make you great.*

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SELDOM is a man's name and fame bound so indissolubly to an institution as is Lord Glenesk to the *Morning Post*. He became editor of it when he was twenty-two, and before that he had held the responsible position of Paris correspondent, and he did not cease to exercise control till the day of his death. Editors came and went, but Lord Glenesk continued to be the presiding genius. Mr. Reginald Lucas has very properly linked the two together in the title of his book, *Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post* (Alston Rivers). A newspaper has its life and character as well as a man, and the features of the *Morning Post* have been well maintained from its beginning till now. Politically it has generally been Conservative, not to say Tory; and yet behind it there has always been Liberal influence. It was first brought out in 1772 as the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, and is the solitary survivor of many ephemeral contemporaries. Its early history may be passed with a glance. After an early career of varying fortunes it came into possession of Mr. Tattersall, who used it largely to advertise his horses and carriages; but not being satisfied and the circulation being only three hundred and fifty a day, he sold it in 1792 to Peter and Daniel Stuart for six hundred pounds. The new proprietors appear to have been able and enterprising, but unscrupulous, as in 1796 the *Telegraph* recovered one hundred pounds from them for supplying "false news for the purpose of damaging their credit." They must have had an eye for good writing, since in their time many of the most illustrious pens contributed. Coleridge was, in his own opinion, an ill-paid scribe who widened the circulation and received hack's wages for doing so. Southey wrote and Charles Lamb was a contributor. We must not take too seriously his talk about sixpence a joke being the current rate of payment. Praed was a contributor between the years 1833 and 1836, and we know from him that the literary country clergyman of those days used to send "trifles for the *Morning Post* and nothings for 'Sylvanus Urban.'" At that period the journal was probably recovering from its evil days. Mr. Lucas conjectures its fortunes were at the lowest ebb during the reign of George IV. As may be imagined, the records are not very full about those days. The history of the *Morning Post* as a powerful modern newspaper begins with the correspondence of Mr. Michele in 1847. At that time Mr. Crompton, a Lancashire paper manufacturer, had a mortgage of twenty-five thousand pounds on the paper, and a draft agreement was made whereby Mr. Michele was to pay eight thousand pounds down and the remaining seventeen thousand pounds in three annual instalments. It had been since 1833 a Protectionist organ, and it is remarkable that it has ever remained a mouthpiece of that creed by whatsoever name it has been called. Lord George Bentinck was urged to buy the paper when he was fighting Peel, in the manner so graphically described by Disraeli. But he resigned office on February 7th of that year and died in the following September. It was offered to Lord Henry Bentinck and afterwards to the Duke of Portland. The Duke of Richmond and Mr. Newdigate, M.P., were also approached; but the Protectionist Party refused, and in the end, Mr. Crompton retained the ownership and put in as editor the father of Lord Glenesk. Peter Borthwick was a Midlothian Scot who had, like many of his countrymen of that time, a good education, an ell of pedigree and not much else beyond industry and character. He was on friendly terms with Lord Palmerston, whose good relations were continued with his son Algernon, so that the curious position was produced of a Liberal statesman inspiring and influencing a Tory paper. Musurus Pasha described the situation thus: "The *Post* is Borthwick and Borthwick is Palmerston: first for England, then France, then the Eastern policy." Palmerston was no Protectionist, but was of the school of Canning, and had served under the Great Duke. Sir William Harcourt, familiarly spoken of as Willie Harcourt, also was in close relations with Algernon Borthwick, despite the latter's advocacy of Reciprocity or Fair Trade; and now that the paper is a vigorous exponent of Tariff Reform, his son Mr. Lewis Harcourt is a director of the company. It has been said in the language of the cricket-field that the best bat can make no runs unless he gets the bowling. Young Algernon had his fair share of that. At the very early age of twenty he was sent to Paris as the French correspondent of the paper, at the modest salary of four guineas a week. He was obliged to study economy, for at the other end the proprietor was worrying his father:

July 12, 1850. I wish we may be able to show ere long that the *Post* can support itself, of which I see no chance but by a serious reduction in expenditure. Increased income is not so easy to obtain as you were sanguine enough to suppose.

Those were days before the big circulation had begun. Mr. Dasent in his *Life of Thadeus Delane* gives the circulation of

various papers in 1852 as follows: *Times*, 40,000; *Morning Advertiser*, 7,000; *Daily News*, 3,500; *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, under 3,000. But expenses were small also, and even while Mr. Crompton was grumbling the tide had begun to turn.

Peter Borthwick's portrait, as it is reproduced here, shows that his son must have borne a close resemblance to him in appearance, as he certainly did in character, both of them witty, shrewd and a trifle hard. Oliver, whose promising young life was cut short before that of Lord Glenesk, was his grandfather over again. Peter does not appear to have been as careful as his son in the management of his own finances—at any rate, in the letters there are many references to money troubles—but he set the *Morning Post* going in earnest. "We are not ministerialist," he wrote to his son, "but independent and honest and unwavering *Post*-ites." Even in his last illness, and when abroad for his health, we find from the keen way in which he criticised successive numbers how determined he was to bring the journal to the front, how sharp and even savage he was over details. He calls a leader-writer who has made a mistake "a miserable scribbler," and finds that "it was a very terrible and very unpardonable blunder" to head the Dissolution of Parliament, the Prorogation of Parliament. In point of fact, the sub-editor was right, but we refer to the incident only as showing Peter Borthwick's unceasing watchfulness. He died in December, 1852, and his son was appointed to succeed him. Under the circumstances, it was very natural for Mr. Crompton to do this. The paper had turned the corner under Peter Borthwick's management, and Algernon had proved himself a first-rate journalist, both as Paris correspondent and as acting editor during the absence of his father.

His career was one of unchecked, almost unparalleled success. The young editor had been born and trained for his post, and no doubt even before assuming it he formed an ambition to become owner. Mr. Crompton's attitude was always that of one who wished to escape the worry and trouble of newspaper ownership, and it invited the editor to take plans for securing possession. He had to pay out both Mr. Crompton and Mr. Rideout before attaining the coveted end. Plainly speaking, he had been editor ever since. It is true that in 1872 Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Hardman was appointed to the post, which he held till his death in 1890, and he had as successors Mr. Moon, Mr. Locker and Mr. Dunn, but they were what Mr. Lucas calls "titular." Lord Glenesk remained the moving spirit. The newspaper was not only his livelihood, but his passion. During the last two or three decades, in which the *Morning Post* has made its greatest advance, much was done by the manager, the late Mr. E. E. Peacock.

It is too soon to fix Lord Glenesk's place among the great editors who were contemporary with him—Delane, Mudford, Lawson, Greenwood, Morley—but none surpassed him in mastery of foreign politics. The *Morning Post* has always been a keen and trustworthy exponent of the direction forces were taking on the Continent; also the tone of the *Morning Post* has always made it acceptable to a body of readers which is the most fastidious in its tastes. His record is one of sustained honour and uprightness, and shows that public confidence in him was not misplaced. It remains to add that Mr. Lucas has produced a biography that not only reveals a man of great character and individuality, but also discloses the history of one of our greatest and most powerful daily papers.

AN ARAB NOVEL.

Sword-of-the-Crowns. Translated by the Countess of Cromartie, with an introduction by Henry Baerlein. (Elkin Mathews.)

EAST and West were once akin in one thing at any rate, however emphatically it may be declared now that "never the twain shall meet." Back in the beginnings of things they had one realm in common, and that was the realm of imagination. It spread from East to West, and, as Henry Baerlein suggests in his preface, sometimes back again from West to East; and in the forests of England and the deserts of Arabia the story-tellers of the world were telling their audiences much the same tales and picturing much the same images. Now that the turn of the wheel is bringing the dominions of earth together in deed and truth, face to face, to know each other's countries and explore each other's homes, the result is no quickening of the imagination or enriching of the world's store of tales. The result, strange and unexpected, is that that once mutual world of poetry and imagery is vanishing from them all. As Henry Baerlein puts it, the "ancestral treasures" are gradually being "collected into little books and so passing out of mind." A most curious and ironical business this—that to pass into books is to pass out of mind—but so it is. Comparatively soon there will be no imaginative life left, except in those corners of the earth that do not know each other, that know, indeed, very little of anything, and so can still imagine. This is one of the many suggestive thoughts in the charming preface to the Countess of Cromartie's translation of the "Arab novel of the cape and sword"—*Sword-of-the-Crowns*. The first duty of a preface is to create the atmosphere out into which the ensuing story shall shortly step, and Mr. Baerlein does it admirably. He mingles fancy with learning, and both with

grace. He suggests the whole earth linked by the weavings of imagination, from the grey shores of Brittany to the white-hot streets of the Orient cities. The tales of Malony, of Boccaccio, of the countless romancers of the East, show strangely the common fatherhood of poetry in the days when all men were children and believed what they imagined with greater certainty than men now believe what they see. It may seem a far cry from the sea-swept Pointe du Raz to the story-teller's stool in the streets of Aleppo, but it was no further a cry than a man's voice could travel. Kings and princesses, heroes and soldiers, ghosts and jinn, the earth was being peopled by the same ideas everywhere. Sword-of-the-Crowns steps forth among them, a splendid figure. He came to Europe first in 1862, his introducer being a Frenchman, a Dr. Perron; and the Countess of Cromartie is to be thanked for having introduced him to us in her turn in this English translation to take his place with Lancelot and Charlemagne and Ali Baba. The story is told with the naïveté and simplicity usual to Eastern romance. What a man felt and why he felt it concerned these old romancers nothing; they were occupied entirely with what he did and saw, and what befel him in the doing of it, and, as Henry Baerlein remarks in one of his whimsical paradoxes, "We may perhaps know much about a man if his psychology is not detailed for us." The touch of fatalistic failure and melancholy of the Western Lancelot is unknown to this Moslem hero of the East. No one woman dominates his life and no unlawful love devastates it, for all love is lawful to the Moslem. His attributes are the invariable attributes of a hero—irresistible beauty and strength, unchanging fortune in love and war, supreme devotion to the "Faith," and a charm before which Princess after Princess goes down, human or immortal. His last words to his son ere he departs to the Paradise of the true believer are the words of an unchecked victor, "As for me, my work is done. I have made the world subject to you, both East and West." What delight had the peoples of those days, who dwelt at the mercy of tyrants, of the elements, of famine and pestilence and sword, in the triumph of a man!

UNREAL SHAPES.

The Wife of Altamont, by Violet Hunt. (Heinemann.)

THE chief impression conveyed by Miss Hunt's new novel is that she herself was not much impressed by it. She appears to care greatly for none of the people she writes about, with the natural consequence that neither do her readers; and she is not at all moved by any of the events she describes. Yet Miss Hunt seems to be unable to write anything that is not clever, and the unusual characters she describes, had they but had the faith behind them that turns puppets into people, could have been extremely interesting, while the events she marshals have all the necessary elements of pity and terror. But every chance is missed in this atmosphere of cold and careless realisation. Betsy, the wife of Altamont, the degenerate and murderer, who longs for him to be hanged that she may be free; Ada Cox, his mistress, whom Betsy rescues and takes to live with her; Veere, who falls in love with the wife of the man who has murdered his uncle and benefactor and marries her, they are puppets only, because the motives of their exceedingly unusual attitudes are never sufficiently or consistently revealed. The pity is that so much hard cleverness should have been wasted on so ill-chosen a theme. The whole book hangs on the poor wretch Altamont's continual efforts behind the scenes at suicide in prison; and its happy denouement awaits his ultimate success with the utmost indifference. Such things demand different treatment, for their place in actual existence has a different value. Yet Miss Hunt's curious detached cleverness remains to make even her failures worth reading; and we hope that next time she will deal with people and places more successfully than she does here with an actual event that it might have been better to have left alone, and with a real castle, whose characteristics she somehow fails to transmit.

PORTRAIT STUDIES.

A Motley, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)

IF the error of the book reviewed above this lies in taking grave things too carelessly, the error of *A Motley* lies in taking little things too gravely. Slight matters may well be significant, but significance is not achieved by a too heavy insistence, and they make their best effect by being left, not as announcements, but suggestions. Mr. Galsworthy cannot do bad or careless work. His sketches are of single passing figures, waifs and strays, momentary encounters—all brief, and nearly all weighted with meaning and tragedy. Perhaps they become monotonous. Their original place between the covers

of a magazine was their right place. Separately these sketches had their value; but to strike successfully a slight and single sympathetic note amid the varying contents of a periodical does not necessarily entail that they will achieve their object when assembled and bound in book form. Read continuously their effect may be a little monotonous.

A "MADE" BOOK.

The Dogaressas of Venice, by Edgumbe Staley. (Werner Laurie.)

OF books of this kind there is no end nowadays. They are the direct result of the general opening of sources of information to the crowd, and to the crowd's so-called "education." In old days such sources were the preserves of the few who knew and cared; they are now the common lands of those who cater. In the preface of the book before us there is the usual claim to "exclusive information," the first paragraph running, "When my many appreciative readers have finished this volume, I am confident they will agree with me that there is much that is very interesting and unique in my narrative." Comment is unnecessary, except that, Mr. Edgumbe Staley having said so much for himself, he leaves the reviewer very little to say for him. As a matter of fact, the right marshalling and apprehension of information is at least as essential to an historical book as the accumulation of information, and it is just there that this book fails. It was doubtless a difficult, and would have been a lengthy, matter to prevent a series of figure sketches from appearing disconnected and scrappy; but Mr. Staley had a splendid and continuous background on which to throw his heroines, and he has failed to make sufficient use of it. Dates, names, facts, stories, ejaculations, figures all jerk disjointedly out of his pages, their only connection an arch and confidential style of narrative that Mr. Staley would do well to eschew in future, since it does not suit history. Nevertheless, we notice this book, and we recommend it, because, though it might have been so much better, it will have undoubted value to the student, and also to those readers who, already knowing and loving Venice, can make use of this presentment of some of her stateliest figures and of facts about them hitherto little known.

A SECOND STRING.

Second String, by Anthony Hope. (Nelson.)

WE do not mean by our heading to indicate the second string that Mr. Anthony Hope indicates in his. His "second string" was Vivien Wellgood's second string—Andy Hayes—who replaced the weak and amorous Harry Belfield in her heart and made up to her for everything. Our second string is one of Mr. Hope's own second strings in the story he has written—a young music-hall singer he calls the Nun—but she is fully as capable of replacing anybody and making up for anyone as Andy Hayes; and in a book with nobody else in it worth reading about she could make it worth reading for herself alone. In her quaintness, sweetness, independence and humour the Nun, though only a secondary figure, is as charming a person as Mr. Hope has ever invented. Not that the other people are not worth reading about. Both the real heroines are good. Vivien perhaps almost too good, and Isobel, who robs Vivien of Harry, perhaps almost too bad! though many a stormy nature of that description has been driven to worse than Isobel by repression and humiliation. Of the men, a second string is again perhaps one of the best—Mr. Belfield, the semi-invalid, rueful father of the charming and unstable Harry, a man whose wit and sanity equal the Nun's in their detachment and charm. The book is attractive throughout. Politics enter into it to a certain extent, and the country and theatrical London, and friendships between man and man, and woman and woman, the generosity and fragrance of which this author knows how to portray better than any other. If we do sometimes sigh for that old, wild, romantic atmosphere in which Anthony Hope first made his bow to the world, so long as he continues to give us stories such as these, and with people in them like the Nun and Mr. Belfield, we will be content with London and the provinces instead of—where was it?—Moravia—Bavaria—the moon!

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

A Motley, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)

The Shadow of a Titan, by A. F. Wedgewood. (Duckworth.)

Newaera, by Edward G. Herbert. (P. S. King.)

Promise, by E. Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

The Laird of Craig Athol, by Frankfort Moore. (Constable.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE CLXXIV.]

IN THE GARDEN.

THE EXHIBITION OF WINTER-FLOWERING CARNATIONS.

THE display of perpetual or winter-flowering Carnations, as they are popularly called, at the recent exhibition in the Royal Horticultural Society's hall in Vincent Square was, in a way, remarkable. It was evidence of the strides the hybridist has made in perfecting a flower which is with us practically the whole year round, and it is evidence of the popularity of the Carnation that the many classes were well represented. There is a freshness about these types from the greenhouse or conservatory that is denied those in the open garden, and the reason is obvious; but both the indoor and the outdoor Carnations are welcome, the former flowering under both conditions. The value of the perpetual type for cutting is responsible for much of its present popularity; long, sturdy stems, delightful colouring and sweet scent are attributes of this race. A kind called Empire Day was the Carnation that attracted most attention at the exhibition. It is destined to become the favourite of the future. The colouring is a deep, strong pink, the flower large without coarseness and the fragrance rich and pleasant. The winter-flowering Carnations, it is not too much to say, have given a fresh interest to the indoor garden. They are delightful in the open garden also, but one thinks of them more in the winter months when colour and fragrance are reminiscent of the days of early summer. C.

PINKS IN A RAISED BORDER.

We are so much accustomed to regarding the Pinks and Carnations of our gardens as border plants only, that we are apt to forget that their parents, the wild Pinks of Central Europe, are exclusively plants of rock and mountain. We so far acknowledge this in that we grow the more ornamental of the typical alpine Pinks, and some near hybrids, in our rock gardens; but to do both plant and garden justice, the Pinks and Carnations that have been so long with us should be there too. Not only are they delightful both for sight and scent when in bloom, but their close grey-leaved tufts have a specially happy and prosperous appearance throughout the winter months, when the glaucous foliage appears to be at its best. It should be remembered that the possession of this quality of neat, persistent foliage is one of the most desirable; for many plants lose their leaves entirely, or they grow too rank or in some other way become unsightly. But the trusty Pinks are good for all the year. Not only the Pinks but the Carnations of our gardens are thankful for rock planting. The illustration shows a dwarf rocky wall of large stones retaining a border on a level higher than that of the path. The Pinks revel in such a place, or, in fact, in any broken, stony ground or well-made rock-work in full sun. They should be largely used in rock-wall planting.



F. M. Sulcliffe.

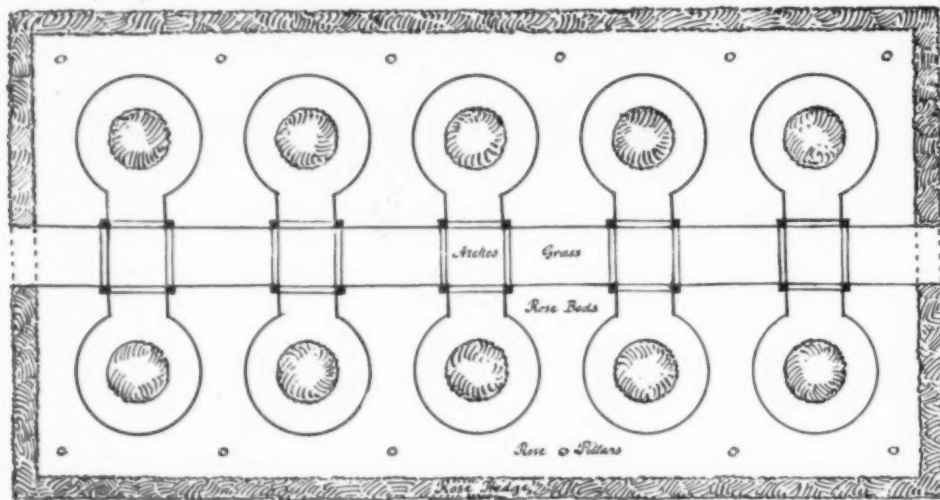
A BORDER OF PINKS.

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WEeping ROSES.

Once more the Weeping Roses formed a most attractive feature at the Temple Show, and gave many hints and suggestions as to their most effective use in the garden. Among the ways in which the free-growing Roses can be used is that of training them into a weeping form. The shape is attained by growing the Rose as a budded standard on a tall stock, and training the branches outward and downward over a framework. Roses of the *wichuraiana*, the old Ayrshire and the *Polyantha* classes are the ones most suitable, for these grow naturally either in fountain form or trailing over rough ground, rocks or bushes. Roses so trained are, for gardens in general, best employed as definite points in the design. The two plans give a suggestion of such a use: in one case in the form of a small square Rose garden, and in the other of one whose form is a parallelogram. In many places a wide grass path may pass through a series of such gardens, either all for Roses or for other plants, or the long-shaped Rose garden may be a good deal prolonged by adding a greater number of its units. The rounded forms show the Weeping Roses. We fear of long avenues of Weeping Roses bordering carriage roads and broad grass rides. Such use of them may be beautiful when rightly done, but is hardly for the general garden, for the training is costly of labour, and it must be remembered that the kinds of Roses suitable for such training are those that flower but once, and can therefore only be reckoned on to be in full beauty for one fortnight in the year, while the trained form is not specially ornamental when out of flower.

In the case of a garden adjoining park land of the best character, that of half-open wild forest, where an avenue of Weeping Roses is desired, it would be well to plant them quite formally on a wide grass verge of mown turf in the region nearest the house; then, as ordered garden gives place to wild, and the groundwork is of grass unmown, to let the Roses, unbudded and untrained, take their own natural fountain form, choosing first those that willingly take the shape nearest in character to that of the trained trees and letting them appear approximately at the same relative distances apart;



Feet 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

ROSE GARDEN SHOWING USE OF WEeping ROSES.

then, as the ground grows wilder, to let them be at more uneven distances—some, perhaps, in groups—until, after a few hundred yards, they appear to be quite wild. The kinds would have to be carefully chosen to suit this treatment, the full-double cluster kinds being within the trimmer ground, and from these graduating by a proper sequence to the outer forest land, where such kinds as type *Polyantha* and type *wichuraiana* would finally give place to our native Roses, the bluish Dog-rose, the warm white *arvensis* and the fragrant Sweetbriar.

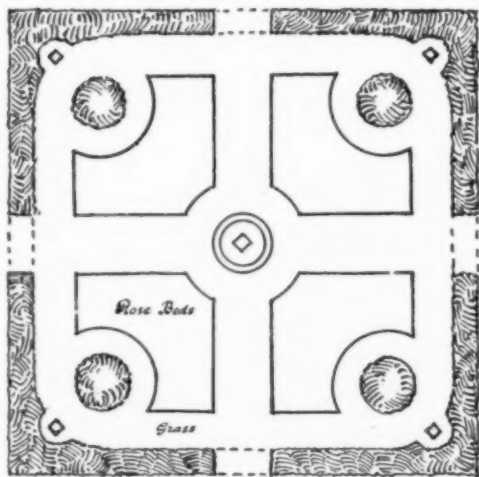
THE FORTHCOMING ROSE SEASON.

The Rose season promises to be one of the most beautiful of recent years, the plants strong, healthy, free from blight, and the buds everything the rosarian can desire for this early date. Exhibitions of the flower will be held in many parts of the British Isles during the next few weeks, and it is interesting to watch the eager desire there is on the part of the exhibitor to win prizes in these friendly tournaments of flowers. The greatest interest centres in the exhibitions of the National Rose Society, the London display taking place as usual in the grounds of the Royal Botanic Society on Friday, July 8th, and that for the provinces at Salisbury on Wednesday, July 13th.

G. Jekyll.

THE PYRETHRUM.

June is the month of the Pyrethrum, and we are reminded of its bright colouring and freedom by flowers sent from the great raisers and growers of the plant—Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport, Somerset. The Pyrethrum is not only brilliant in effect in the garden, but its long prim stems adapt it for cutting for decorations, and it is largely grown for this purpose. Too often it is neglected in our gardens, at least, not given those conditions which promote the strongest growth, for though it is a success almost anywhere, it enjoys a rich, moist soil, not forgetting also that division of the tufts is needful when they become in the least degree overgrown or matted. We have a greater liking for the single kinds than the double; they are the showiest and the more welcome for the house. Of those sent us the most striking are: Firefly, an unusual shade of rose scarlet; Lady Symonds, rose pink; Langport Scarlet, a warm scarlet crimson, a remarkable colour; Queen of the Whites, pure white; James Kelway, crimson; and Lady Alfred Kenilworth, rose crimson. The doubles that appeal most to us are: Louis Delesalle, crimson; Souce, white; Shotover, blush; Lord Rosebery, crimson; and Wilson Barrett, rose pink. C.



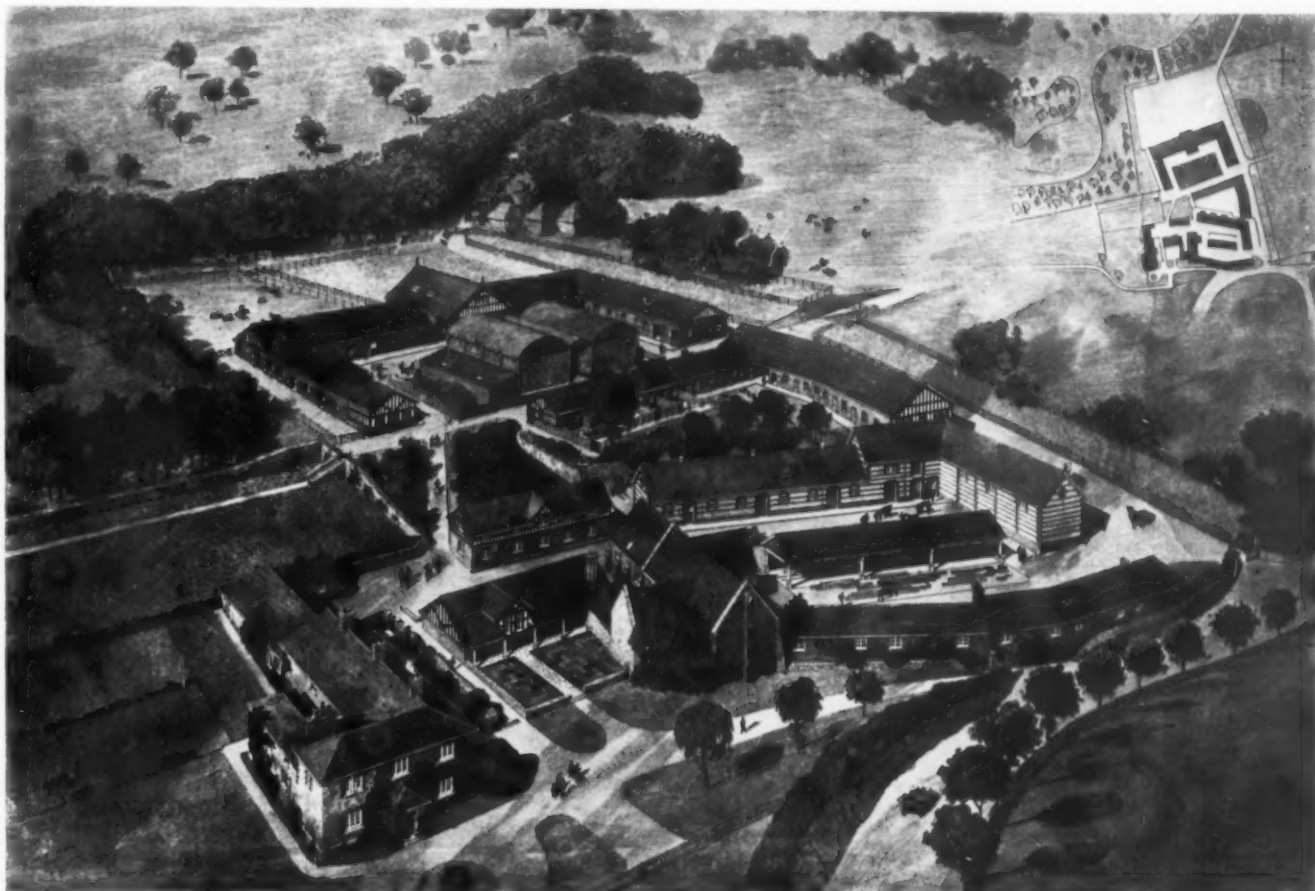
WEeping ROSES AT THE ANGLES.

Many complaints have been received this year of caterpillars devouring the leafage of Gooseberry bushes, hence it may be of use to draw attention to these pests, which are difficult to get rid of. Two distinct caterpillars attack the Gooseberry and, in a lesser degree, red and white Currants. The first of these to appear is that of the magpie moth, a pretty insect that may be seen hovering in gardens on quiet autumn evenings. It may be easily recognised by its broad wings, which are white, dotted freely with black. This lays its eggs on the foliage early in autumn, and these soon hatch into caterpillars, which feed on the foliage, but at that time do no appreciable damage. After a short period of feeding they hibernate for the winter, usually an inch or so below the surface or in clusters of dead leaves in nooks of walls. In the spring they come forth once more, and at that time, and in early summer, when the leaves are comparatively young and succulent, inflict much harm. The caterpillars, like the moth, are yellowish white with black dots, and about three-quarters of an inch in length. The other caterpillar that attacks bushes of these fruits is that of the sawfly, a small, yellowish-coloured moth. It usually appears in May, and lays its eggs on the under sides of the leaves and close to the veins or ribs. These quickly hatch, and the caterpillars, which are small and pale green in colour, will quickly strip the bushes of their foliage. These caterpillars after a few weeks turn into chrysalides, enter the soil and subsequently return later in the summer as moths. These lay more eggs, the last batch of caterpillars remaining in the chrysalis state an inch or two under the soil for the winter. Leaves on which eggs have been deposited should be sought for, picked off and destroyed. Caterpillars may also be picked off by hand and destroyed where only a few bushes are affected. Various washes composed of hellebore powder or Paris green have been found effective, and dry Hellebore powder may be dusted on the leaves; but as both substances are poisonous, one

hesitates to recommend their general use. A safe and fairly effective remedy is to dust the bushes while damp with lime and soot, repeating the applications at frequent intervals. The best time to combat both pests is the winter, when the soil

beneath the bushes to a depth of two inches should be removed and either burned or buried very deeply in some other part of the garden where the pests will have no chance of regaining the surface.
H.

IWERNE MINSTER.—I.



THE NEW FARM BUILDINGS AT IWERNE MINSTER.

I T was on June 9th that I had the very great pleasure of going over the estate of Mr. James Ismay and of looking at the village of Iwerne Minster, situated in the midst of one of the most beautiful districts in England. As the quickest way of arriving at it I had to go from London to Semley and then motor the remaining distance, with the Vale of Blackmoor exquisite, despite the clouds, in its June foliage on the one side and on the other the steep escarpments of what is practically Salisbury Plain. It is a landscape very familiar to the readers of Thomas Hardy. Tess of the D'Urbervilles might have done her dairy-work in any of the old peaceful-looking farmhouses set so pleasantly amid the groves on the hillside. It is pre-eminently a dairy country. Everywhere the eye takes in great

stretches of pasture, fields of gold just now when the buttercups are out, although, be it noted, the thrifty farmer does not associate this flower with golden fancies. He much dislikes the profusion of its bloom this year. Cows, which were nearly all shorthorns, were standing, as the picturesque saying has it, "knee-deep in clover." At the station an array of milkcans had disclosed the prevalence of the industry. Very little arable land was visible.

On the estate itself antiquity and modernity seemed to nod to each other. Mr. Ismay's residence belongs distinctly to the modern part. He acquired it with the property about a couple of years ago from Lord Wolverton, whose father, the first Lord Wolverton, in the late seventies, bought it from the Bower family, in whose possession it had been since 1620. It



A VILLAGE STREET.

was built on the site of a little manor house of small accommodation. Some yew hedges in the garden alone bear witness to the existence of the dwelling that Lord Wolverton removed. I wonder what it was like and how old, for in 1878 ideas were not what they are now. The curious name of the village cannot but excite curiosity. Iwerne or Ewerne is connected with the word "ewer," and may be freely translated "the village of the waters." The Iwerne is a slender English rivulet that might have served as a model for Tennyson's brook where it steals by "lawns and grassy plots." It flows gently through the estate between banks gay with wild flowers and round clumps of flag in full bloom on June 9th. It is dammed here and there, not primarily for artistic effect, although that is secured well enough; but the purpose was to make reaches of water suitable for trout, and the stream is thoroughly well stocked with them. They are still small, but with plenty of food and suitable surroundings they will, no doubt, afford excellent sport in due course.

To explain the word "Minster" in the name we must go back to tradition. The Rev. E. Acton, whose father held the living for more than a generation, and who has been brought up and lived in the atmosphere of Iwerne, has been kind enough to give me the following note: "There was an old Saxon church from very early times in this village. Tradition seems to point to the fact that Iwerne was one of the earliest centres of Christianity in this part; in fact, some say that an Abbey existed here before Shaftesbury Abbey, and that Tisbury Abbey in Wiltshire was its rival. These two Abbeys were engaged in a great dispute, Iwerne refusing to give up certain deeds, and an appeal was made to the King; but before the matter was settled the Danes invaded the whole country, and completely destroyed both Abbeys. The fact that certain churches have been from time immemorial connected with Iwerne lends some

who was brought up in the neighbouring county of Wiltshire, found his chief romance in "the man in the barrow." It will be remembered that in "Wood Magic" he makes the warrior speak to Bevis at the side of the brook, telling him, among other things, that time does not exist. That was written after Jefferies had spent many a summer day dreaming over the barrows



THE MOST COMFORTABLE ROOF.

on the Down that rise over against Coate, and if he had lived at Iwerne he would practically have had the same surroundings. The barrows upon the hills record that it was the round-headed Ibernian Celts who came into Europe and England from Africa. The Romans, who appreciated beauty of situation as much as any inhabitants of this island, are thought to have built upon it the lost Roman station called Ibernium.

A few years ago the late General Pitt-Rivers in his excavations found an old Roman villa on the small manor of Preston. Skeletons of the Romano-Celt were found, and much pottery and coins bearing the name of the Emperor Commodus. Round the villa were traces of other Roman buildings, but the death of the general put an end to further excavations. The Norman church was built on the site of the Saxon church, to which reference has already been made, and at the time when the Domesday Book was compiled Iwerne belonged to the Abbey of Shaftesbury. The parish of Iwerne Minster remained in the hands of the Abbey until a gift of it was made to Edward IV., when he was building his chapel of St. George at Windsor, and the patronage of the living has since remained in the hands of the Dean and Canons of Windsor.

Mr. Acton mentions a curious circumstance that confirms much that Hardy has written. It would easily account for the fact that a poor girl like Tess was descended from the Crusader whose monument is supposed to lie in the village church. Under the Abbey the parish was divided into several small manors, and the names of the early holders of them have survived until

the present day. Thus one manor was held by Ralf de Brockman, and that farm is now known by the name of Brookmans. Another small manor called now Pegges Farm was held for many years by Geoffré Puego and his descendants. Another known as Godman's was leased by the Abbey to Roger Godman. In Stewart times the manor of Preston was owned by the Fry



HALF-TIMBERED COTTAGES.

appearance of truth to this theory. The churches of Sixpenny, Handley, Gussage, St. Andrew's, Hinton St. Mary, Hartgrove and East Orchard all belonged to Iwerne, and possibly gave it the title of Minster."

But an antiquity older than that of the monks hangs in the atmosphere of the village. It is said that Richard Jefferies,

family, relations of John Fry the regicide. One of these Frys raised a troop of horse to support Charles, but not being well treated by him, he joined the forces of Cromwell.

There hang about the village, therefore, memories of all the different people who have lived there from the time of the Pagan warrior who sleeps in his barrow on the hillside up to the lively and enthusiastic Boy Scouts now in course of training. But the prevalent impression derived from the past is monastic. It is greatly to be regretted that those who in the past had the guardianship of the village did not take more pains to preserve its older features. There is one house particularly, which was probably ecclesiastic in its origin, that must have been a substantial and splendid piece of mason-work, but is now ruined by the intrusion of paltry modern building into it. It contains, I understand, although I did not actually see it, a monk's cell



THE CHURCH.

which has not room enough to enable the occupant to stand upright. There was a monastery in the village, and there appears also to have been a nunnery. Bits of wall and parts of buildings still remain on their sites; but there is scarcely anything that has been left untouched, although, as our illustrations show, the village contains many picturesque thatched houses and some stone-work of respectable age.

It is pleasant to turn from this aspect of Iwerne Minster to the signs of activity which are visible on the estate. After all, every generation lives not by admiration of that which has gone before, but by its own useful work, and I confess to a feeling of pleasure in looking



THE RIVER.

at the noble range of farm buildings which Mr. Ismay has had erected according to the architectural designs of Mr. Doyle. In another number I hope to give a more detailed account of these buildings, but at the present moment must confine myself to showing the analogy that exists between the manor as it is to-day and as it was more than a thousand years ago. Probably the casual reader will allow his mind to rest more on the very apparent differences. The mediæval lord of the manor, who cultivated his land by the labour of his villeins, who worked half the week for him and the other half on their "out field" and "in field," would be astonished indeed if he could come to life and see once more the land on which he

had trodden oftener in armour than without. But it is easy to insist too much on the revolutionary character of modern inventions. The mediæval cowman was entrusted, not without doubt and hesitation, to carry a rushlight into his cowshed at a critical moment. For the greater part he had to sleep in it, and was subjected to a heavy punishment if found in possession of a light at all. To-day electric light is carried into the calving-boxes, and the food for the animals is ground by means of machinery instead of being laboriously prepared by hand. Yet these are only accidental



THE INN.

differences, incidental to the progress made in the arts. What struck me most was that the manor is as thoroughly self-contained to-day as it could possibly have been, say, in the time of Edward III. Here is electricity, and it is

generated on the estate, and preparation is made for doing all the other work at home. In fact, all that part of the plan which comes nearest to the bottom of the page bears more resemblance to a factory than to anything else. P.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE LOST BALL.

ONE sees comic things. It happened to some of us, in course of the recent amateur championship meeting, to stroll out to see how a young friend was getting on. He was English, of the slashing, careless school, and had been drawn to meet an old Scottish veteran of the kind known in his own tongue as "pawkie." We met the pair when they had some five holes to play, and came upon our young friend sitting on a hummock, gazing out to sea, and smoking a cigarette with a perfectly detached air. Meanwhile the old Scottish gentleman and the two caddies were industriously looking everywhere among the bents and sandhills for the ball. "Hallo," we said, "he must have the old fellow dead beat." This we inferred from his general attitude and the searching anxiety of the other. "Still," we said to each other, "he might help the old chap to look for his ball. It's rather bad form." However, we went up to him, and said: "Well, have you got him on toast?" "Got him on toast?" was the reply. "No. But he's got me. He's three up." "Oh, well," we said, "you've got him this hole anyway—he's lost his ball." "Oh, no," said he, "that's not his ball he's looking for; it's mine." At that there was Homeric laughter, which attracted the good old seeker for the ball to come and hear what it was all about. They had played a very pleasant round, and evidently were on the best of terms, though the younger player had lost interest in the match, and given himself up as beaten by the dead steadiness of the veteran; but the sight of the old man, in kindness of heart accentuated by the charity produced by the blessed estate of three up, searching diligently for the ball of his young opponent, who smoked calmly and surveyed the sea, made a fine human spectacle. It rather suggests the question as to what your obligations are with regard to your opponent's ball when it is lost—your moral obligations, as traditional usage has sanctified them. As a matter of law, you are in no way obliged to assist in the search, but we would almost rather cease to play golf at all than play it by law alone.

THE ETHICS OF THE CASE.

Emphatically it is the duty of every decent man to help his opponent in the search for his ball. There need be no doubt about the rule—though it may not be the law. Still, circumstances, here as everywhere, alter cases, and if it is a hot day and you are tired, it is much to expect of you that you shall toil up perhaps a glowing side of a sand mountain in order to aid in seeking for a lost ball. Something depends on the state of the match. If it is virtually over, in consequence of one or other being many holes up, and especially if it is the other man that is up, there is not the same obligation on you to go to his help, as when the match is close,

and the finding or loss of the ball may make all the difference to it. The tighter the match, the tighter is the obligation to help in the search. That, at least, is surely the maxim that a tolerably fine sense of honour would suggest, and at that we may perhaps leave it.

MR. A. MITCHELL.

Quite one of the most interesting players in the amateur championship was Mr. Abe Mitchell, who first of all contributed to Scotland's overthrow by rather mercilessly beating Mr. Guy Campbell, and then reached the semi-final of the championship before yielding to Mr. John Ball. Mr. Mitchell, who is one of the numerous clan of Mitchells who annually assist the Cantelupe Club to beat Ashdown Forest, is the first artisan golfer to become famous in English golf. His driving was quite one of the sights of Hoylake, and, especially with a slight wind at his back, he can drive a truly prodigious distance. This great hitting he accomplishes

without having the appearance of any vast physical strength save in one most important regard, the hands and wrists. He is obviously very strong, and there is a legend to the effect that he can lift a garden roller with one hand. Mr. Mitchell was very popular with the crowd at Hoylake and, after that of Mr. Ball, no success was more welcome than his.

YOUTH AND AGE AT WEST SURREY.

Matches between the old and young schools, as they are beginning to be called, have been fairly frequent this season, and youth has, on the whole, done sufficiently well; but at the opening of the new West Surrey course at Milford, the old gentlemen gave the young ones a really terrible drubbing. A genuine foursome over thirty-six holes had been projected between Braid and Taylor on the one side and Robson and Johns on the other, and a very excellent match it would, no doubt, have been if the old ones had played a little worse or the young ones a little better. As it was, Braid and Taylor were eight up at lunch, and the hopelessness of the stern chase being very wisely recognised, a new match was begun in the afternoon—a four-ball match over eighteen holes. Here Robson and Johns acquitted themselves much better, and only lost at the last hole, where Braid did a particularly fiendish four. The course is very decidedly a good one. It has a fine sandy soil, plenty of length and plenty of bunkers, and it will not be long before it has very good putting greens. It would be all the better



MR. A. MITCHELL.

for some whins and heather at the sides of the fairway instead of mere ordinary long grass, and we believe that the planting of whins is either already accomplished, or, at any rate, intended. Mr. Fowler is responsible for the bunkering, and has done it with his usual skill and thoroughness; the bunkers leave uncommonly narrow openings to the greens and are often very hard upon the

ball that just overruns the green. One of the very best holes is the short second, and the architect was obviously delighted when neither couple in the foursome, and only one out of four in the four-ball match, succeeded in avoiding his bunkers and putting the ball on the green at the range of an ordinary creak shot.

A PRETTY CLUB-HOUSE.

A special word of praise must be given to the club-house at Milford, which is quite one of the most engaging that we remember to have seen. It is a long, low, rambling building, possessed upon one side of a verandah of truly noble proportions, large enough to hold an almost unlimited number of hot and prostrated players. The roof is tiled, and the tiles are not red and staring, but of a sober hue and here and there moss-covered. This is to be attributed to a justifiable act of vandalism, namely, the pulling down of an ancient barn that stood formerly upon the site and the appropriation of the tiles for its successor. Nor were the tiles the only spoils, for there were likewise some splendid old beams which have been used. Indeed, to the casual eye nearly all the woodwork in the club-house seems to be old, and certainly adds considerably to the charm. In front of the club-house is a grass plot intersected by flagged paths, which adds another pleasantly ancient touch to one of the most obviously modern of golf courses.

GOLF IN DONEGAL.

Youth and crabbed age have also been encountering each other at Rosapenna in Donegal, where Tom Ball and Duncan just beat Vardon and Herd. Donegal takes a good deal of getting to—from a Saxon point of view—but can provide some very attractive golf at the end of the journey. There is, to begin with, Rosapenna, where the golf is good, and there is also fishing. Then at the northern end of Lough Swilly is Portsalon, a charming holiday course of small greens and adventurous shots—not too strenuous, but very amusing. Towards the other end of the lough is Buncrana, which has but nine holes, but those nine of really fine quality. Buncrana, moreover, has produced the best golfer that has yet come out of Ireland, Mr. Lionel Munn. Finally, opposite Buncrana, to be reached in a very short while in a boat and in a very long while by driving an unendurable number of Irish miles, is the quaintest little nine-hole course in the world, by name Macamish. The golf at Macamish is of the most simple and unsophisticated kind. It is also of the most dangerous, because the holes cross and recross after the manner of a cat's-cradle, and after the mere perfunctory crying of "Fore!" a player considers himself perfectly justified in aiming directly at the head of any

other player who may happen to be in the way. On the whole, the number of casualties is wonderfully small.

WRY-NECKED PUTTERS AND SHORT PUTTS.

One of the rules of golfing life which you will do well to make your own, even as the present writer has long ago learnt to make it his, is never to give a man a short putt who is using a swan-necked putter. Swan-necked is the elegant name. There are those who call them dog-legged, which is less poetical. They are, at all events, crooked necked, with the blade lying further away from the ball than the blade would if it was put on in the usual way and in the same plane as the shaft. There is a merit in these putters—the weight is rather in advance of the blade as it comes to the ball, and this seems to be a help to bringing the blade well through and hitting the ball a true blow. But at the same time, on this very account that the blade is not on the same plane as the shaft, the blade, when the putt is a very short one, seems to come to the ball a little later than the line of the shaft leads us (perhaps unconsciously) to expect. That is almost certainly the reason why so many very short putts are missed with these crooked-necked putters. Very likely the lover of the swan-necked thing will deny your major premiss, say that he does not miss short putts with it; but just go out and play with him and don't give him any of them—then you'll see, and so will he.

BISHOPS STORTFORD AND SANDWICH.

Bishops Stortford opened its new course on Saturday, a course that ought to be a blessing to a neighbourhood which has not an embarrassment of riches in that regard. Braid and Massy played Vardon and Taylor a foursome of thirty-six holes, and beat them after several ups and downs by three up and two to play. On the whole it was the result that might have been expected at the present moment, because Braid is at the very top of his form, and so, by all accounts, is Massy, whereas Taylor has not been thoroughly fit for some little time, and has yet to find his best game. Probably one of the winning pair, Braid for choice, will start a favourite next week at St. Andrews. While the champion of France and the champion of Belgium were engaging in this successful coalition, Mr. Balfour was winning the Parliamentary Handicap at Sandwich with a score of one down to Bogey. This was really a good performance, because there was a great deal of very terrible long grass at the sides of the course, and even the fairway was very thick and grassy. It was surely too generous to put Mr. Balfour's handicap up to eleven. He is a better player than that, and has wasted no time in proving the fact.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PIG SHORTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having had forty years' experience, permit me to express my views as to the present condition of the pig industry. In the past, poor piggy has been treated with scant thought and attention. By the successive Government Agricultural Boards he has been almost regulated and restricted off the face of the earth. Not the slightest assistance has been forthcoming in the way of scientific suggestions or help in any way towards his breeding and feeding. The municipal authorities and urban district councils have, through their medical officers, made the distance so great between the cottager and his pigsty that the pig has been ordered practically outside the garden gate. Agricultural societies and chambers, for the most part, have placed little importance upon, and given little attention to, Mr. Piggy. Farmers themselves have, in many instances, shown a want of interest that is extraordinary; but I make what would appear a bold assertion, *i.e.*, that the pig is not second in importance to cattle or sheep. Both beef and mutton are eaten in a household probably three or four times a week, but at most neither is suitable nor capable of providing dozens of dishes of various kinds, and no animal food can compare with bacon and ham for universal and regular use at the breakfast-table. As foreign countries are increasing in population they have not the supplies to spare to send to us. This is all the better for British farmers. It is quite time they should recognise the immense food value of the pig and that improved breeding and feeding should at last have the attention that it deserves from the Government, Agricultural Boards, etc., and from the farmers themselves throughout the country. With regard to foreign competition, I might mention that corn offers, suitable for pig feed, left our ports last year for Denmark and Sweden to the extent of one hundred and ninety thousand tons, valued at nine hundred and eighty thousand pounds, to feed pigs, afterwards to be returned to England in the form of bacon. Co-operative butter-making in England, giving a supply of milk for pigs, would be a great assistance towards increased supplies. I think the small holders will also be a great help and should be encouraged, and many millions now paid annually for foreign supplies of bacon and ham might easily be kept in the country, for the British public recognise that English ham and bacon are not to be equalled by any imported article.—C. H. PALETHORPE.

FACTS ABOUT A GOOSE AND A TURKEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"I never heard of such a thing!" Such is the comment of more than one experienced poultry-keeper on hearing the facts I am about to mention; but I realise that we live in a fairly isolated locality, and among your multitude of readers there may be those who can tell us with authority whether or not they are in any way unique. A goose belonging to one of my neighbours laid no fewer than thirty-four eggs before becoming broody. As a reward for her industry she was allowed to sit on ten of them, but at the end of the incubation period she

cracked every shell and killed her offspring before they had any chance of a separate existence. I am told that the number of eggs is phenomenal, and it would be interesting to know what experienced breeders have to say on the subject. It would also be interesting to know if any evidence has been accumulated to suggest that ultra-prolific layers make unnatural mothers. Great surprise has also been caused by the fact that one of my turkeys laid forty-three eggs before she became broody. This number is far and away bigger than my own records show, but my data are not sufficient to say whether or not the performance is at all extraordinary. Again, it would be interesting to hear from some of your experienced readers, but in any case the figures seem to be worth noting and are quite reliable.—W. G. W.

THE YOUNG CUCKOO—A QUERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am anxious to obtain more information with regard to the habits and history of the cuckoo, especially concerning the rearing of the young cuckoos. Does the parent bird take any notice of its offspring, or teach it by imitation to produce the natural cry of the cuckoo, or is the young cuckoo entirely reared by the foster parents in whose nest it may have been hatched? In which case the "cuckoo" note would be produced *naturally* and not by tuition or imitation of the parent bird. I shall be greatly obliged if you can give me some facts on the subject in COUNTRY LIFE.—E. F. S. BRICE.

THE WEATHER AND THE COMET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The almost continuous thunder, torrential rains and phenomenal hailstones of the last week have caused people to ask once more, Has Halley's comet anything to do with the weather? Meteorologists tell us that there is absolutely no connection, and that the extraordinary climatic conditions which appear to have been recorded whenever the comet has been visible are merely a coincidence. To a plain-thinking man the coincidences seem to have been so consistent that it is difficult not to imagine some underlying connection. Perhaps some of your readers who possess sufficient meteorological data will be able to give information on the point. Is it not very likely that periodic law is one great factor by which the whole universe is ruled? And, if this be taken as a starting theory, is the period of the comet a whole multiple of the seasonal period or periods? If scientists possess data enough to answer the question in the affirmative, it would appear that the coincidence would be explained and accounted for.—B

A NOVICE AT THE HORSE SHOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The mere sightseer, who knows nothing technically about horses, brings away several very distinct impressions from the International Horse Show. The first is that it would be a great advantage if the directors could obtain additional ground at the back of the hall. At present the "annexe" is fully

occupied by stables, chiefly those *de luxe*. There may be seen the horses of Judge Moore and Messrs. Vanderbilt and Winans enjoying what their countryman, Mr. Roosevelt, would call their "soft luxury." The consequence is that the whole passage-way and entrance into the hall is blocked with debris and people. This, I am quite sure, is responsible for the high state of nervous excitement which many of the horses exhibit when they once get beyond the huge entrance doors. A clear passage and a road strictly reserved for grooms and horses would effect a great change for the better. The second impressive fact about the Horse Show is the personality of Lord Lonsdale. No man could fit his position more admirably. It is almost a case, as the old philosophers would have said, of "pre-established harmony." To see the owner of Lowther Castle flitting about, inspiring everything and on good terms with everybody, "pleases by itself." Perhaps the populace like him best when, in sober frock-coat and tall hat and with enormous cigar, or in immaculate evening kit, he mounts this or that horse and shows how he should be ridden so as to bring out his best points. A most pleasing episode occurred on the day when eleven girls under fourteen years of age took part in a pony competition. It was rather a trying ordeal, especially as some of them were on ponies so large that they could hardly be managed. Lord Lonsdale made friends with them all. It was delightful to see him flirting with a little lass of six or seven with flowing flaxen locks and without a hat. She rode like a centaur. Indeed, they all rode astride, a new custom which seems to make for steadier riding. At the close Lord Lonsdale not only presented the prize rosettes, but gave each competitor a white riband, so that none of the little girls should feel mortified or neglected. It was a kindly act. The mysteries of judging are, I confess, beyond me. I could not understand why one set of pair horses out of four were ordered to stand aside in a competition. Rumour had it that they were adjudged to be too big. But surely they came within the required measurement, and they had won a similar prize the year before. Then in the class for officers' chargers the only obvious points were those allowed for "passaging," that is to say, moving sideways into rank. This was beautifully performed, but the most stylish horses were not awarded prizes. However, I write as a novice, and may say in proof that it was never borne in upon me until this show that every horse has a sort of rift under the end of his nose. This is apparently useless and spoils the shape of the head. There is nothing of the kind in the horses' heads that adorn the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, and their manes, moreover, look far more statuesque than those of our horses. Somehow or other the rift in question reminded me of Carlyle's saying about Oliver Cromwell that he was "the man who gart kings' ken they had a lith in their necks." There were many unusual sights to be seen. It is not every day that one can witness French officers in uniform wandering down Hammersmith Road or sitting in the next box to Vanderbilt's. The little pony stallions and mares, like Laird of Ness and Princess Ena, moved to admiration in the side shows, although one wished that the lady spectators would not all say "How sweet!" Girls in riding costumes sitting astride wooden horses in the tailors' stalls, and trying not to look foolish, moved one to mirth. The absence of water, although oats were supplied, in the American loose and *de luxe* boxes made one stare a little. Above all, the *coup d'œil* of the Old English garden, with the representation of Lowther Castle, and the old-fashioned Greek garden temple for the band, could hardly be improved upon. All that seemed to be wanted was a few larger clocks more prominently displayed. One below the indicating board would be a great advantage. The International differs from every other horse show in that the directors are not "out for bones." All their profits of one year they put into improvements in next year's show. In time there will be nothing to grumble at, and there is not much now.—C. N.

DESTRUCTIVE SQUIRRELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question asked by "M." as to whether squirrels are destructive to trees must, unwillingly, be answered in the affirmative. The time of these depredations is in the spring when the young green shoots of fir and larch appear, and the special *bonne bouche* is the leading shoot on the extreme top of the tree. Trees so treated are practically ruined; they take years—if ever—to recover. Some thirty years since, in Gloucestershire, for some reason there was a great increase in the number of squirrels in the woods and plantations on a large estate, which boasts one of the finest—if not the finest—arboretum in England. War was waged against them, and they were mercilessly shot. The trees in the arboretum were mostly then grown too large and strong for their depredations on the leading shoots, but the newer plantations suffered much. The squirrels became most audacious. An Austrian pine, which touched the house roof, had been chosen as a nesting-place by a pair of rooks. When the young ones were flown it was taken possession of by a pair of squirrels, in which four young

squirrels were reared. Prettier objects could not be imagined than these little creatures playing about on the dark pine tassels. There were great quantities of nuts that year in the orchard, and the squirrels rioted. The ground was strewn with the "nulls," and in many cases the nuts were left inside as if they had been bitten off the trees in their wanton play. A curious hoarding process began when the filberts were fully ripe. A squirrel would be seen with a nut in its mouth, with which it would dash on to the ground left vacant by the digging up of the potatoes. Then the bright eyes were turned from side to side to see if anyone were watching. A rapid scratching up of the mould took place, until a hole deep enough was made. The nut was popped in, and covered carefully over with more rapid scratchings, and then helter-skelter up the path again and over into the orchard. Never was another nut put into the place where one had previously been buried. It would be quite impossible for the nuts to be found again by the squirrels on a wide "potato patch." Hoards at roots of trees or other holes in the ground are common, and easy to be understood; but this was deliberate planting, and there seems to be no reason for it. Jesse in his "Gleanings" says of the squirrels, "They are much delighted with the fruit of coniferous trees, such as the pine, the fir, the larch. They also feed on the birch, and probably the alder. They not only devour the cones of the Scotch fir, but also bark large boughs, and gnaw off the tops of the leading shoots, so that the trees are much injured by these mischievous little quadrupeds."—M. R.

A FOX CUB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph I took a few days ago of a fox cub in an old sand-pit. Five cubs have been seen round about, but on that morning I only saw two of them, and for a time they were playing about like little kittens. I was unable to find shelter for myself as near as I should have liked, and consequently could only obtain small photographs of these cubs. In one of my photographs both the cubs are visible, but being so much like the colour of the sand the one crouching behind the boulder does not show up well. —G. W. SMITH.



ON THE WATCH.

THE MERITS OF WOOD ASHES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It was somewhat curious that the two letters, one on "Potash" and the other on "A Destructive Weed" on a lawn, should have followed each other in COUNTRY LIFE of June 4th, as the one is a practical answer to the other. An old gentleman in Worcestershire, "an eminent agriculturist" retired, had a fine lawn in his garden, with some of the best turf I have ever seen. When he bought the place in 1870 this same turf was much the same as others, with weeds, of various kinds, kept under by constant weeding. The gardener, who had been there for a few years previously, persisted in his own plan, with the usual egotism of a gardener, considering that "I know best,"

until he was met by the master mind, which had to be obeyed. His plan was that the refuse of the garden—hedge cuttings, leaves, cabbage stalks, in fact, the refuse commonly called "the smother"—should be well burnt, and the ashes carefully saved and sifted over the lawn in the autumn. It seems needless to say that this was done unwillingly; but the old gentleman was so convinced of the truth of it that he established a test in having the ashes sifted over half of the lawn—a large one—and confidently awaited the result in the next summer. Even John, the gardener, was obliged to admit that there was no comparison between the two; the grass had so improved in vigour on the "doctored" half that weeds were being choked out. Before many years were over the lawn was, as I described above, one of the best I have ever seen. Of course, the potash cannot take all the credit, as constant weeding was done in addition in the first few years, and as they appeared plantain, dandelion, etc., were rooted out. But there is no question as to the value of these wood ashes, and it was a great amusement to the old gentleman, who lived to be a nonagenarian, to hear John descant on the merits of wood ashes on a lawn.—MARTLET.

SINGULAR BEHAVIOUR OF LONG-EARED OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although I have had a long and varied experience with long-eared owls (this year, for instance, I have seen nearly a dozen "nests"), yet, on April 27th, I had a pleasing half-hour with a pair, and discovered what was, to me, quite a new phase of character in the species. I knew of this "hatch" previously, and was paying them one of my periodical visits. When halfway up the fir tree containing the nest—an old crow's—I inadvertently snapped off a branch. This aroused the parent owl (she or he was still brooding the young, though some of them were now of good growth), which made for an adjacent tree. So far nothing unusual. But now this owl called up its mate, who started the entertainment by uttering, with great vehemence and persistency, one of its several

weird cries, which, by the way, you seldom, if ever, see properly described in the books, if described at all, chiefly, I take it, because the authors have never heard a long-eared owl call. The long-eared owl is generally an essentially nocturnal musician. This particular cry is very weird indeed, not to say alarming to those unfamiliar to the sound, and until now I had never heard it uttered, except at nightfall and in the night during my solitary nocturnal vigils in the woodlands. It much resembles the squeal of some small animal in intense anguish, or else, perhaps, the gruesome sounds indulged in by two cats engaged in a "rough and tumble." It somewhat resembles the water-rail's groaning "sharm" as well. The other owl now answered this doleful and doubtful melody by a cry, if anything, more weird, a cry which is reminiscent of a cat growling, or else the baying of a hound heard subdued and hushed by distance. When not thus employed both owls flew at me alternately, only swerving up and off when within from six to ten feet of my head; otherwise they varied the performance by sitting on trees hard by, where, crouching low on their perch, fluffing out their abundant plumage, wriggling their bodies grotesquely or dropping their ample wings, one on each side, they looked, with their now fully erected ear-tufts and widely opened orange yellow eyes, now apparently red with passion, in the gloom of the wood, ideas, emblems of ferocity, and more like cats than ever. When on the wing they would hiss at me, and when at rest click their mandibles together loudly. Their progeny were badly behaved, too. They pecked (they did not lie back and strike out with their talons, as most owls and hawks will when menaced) at my hand, extended their wings, hissed and clicked with their mandibles—traits I have noticed before—and the most advanced of them (originally there were five, but two had already vacated their birthplace) clambered out of the nest, and helped its progress from branch to branch by means of its hooked bill—a usual habit this of young long-eared owls, as well as young herons. For fully twenty minutes of an enjoyable half-hour a male kestrel was so excited with, and interested in, the owls that he entirely forgot his fear of man, and was frequently hovering only some twenty feet above me as I squatted in the crown of the tree, chattering his displeasure. One more paragraph, which bears on the nesting arrangements of the long-eared owl. It is a well-known fact that the species never builds a nest for itself, but that it uses some old structure of sparrow-hawk, crow, rook, pie, ring-dove or heron or a squirrel's "drey." But does it ever add slightly to the existing fabric? I suspect that it does occasionally, because on a few occasions—certainly rare—I have noticed a thin lining, or a circle of palpably fresh twigs (generally birch), placed round the rim of the nest. For example, I see from my diary (March 29th, 1910) that a certain long-eared owl's "nest" (an old crow's) was partially, but neatly, lined with thin twigs. But did the owls do this? The late Howard Saunders states in his "Manual" that "small, thin sticks and rabbit's fur is often added." The "twig" statement I am inclined to agree with, though the "often" should be deleted (I have examined pretty well one hundred "nests" *in situ*); but as to the rabbit's "fleck" I am more than sceptical. Surely any fur (chiefly odd scraps of field-vole's fur) seen in one of these owl's homes is there purely by accident, seeing that mice, rats and other small mammals are often conveyed and "broken up" in the "nest" during the period of incubation. A somewhat similar explanation may be made for the feathers and down of the owl itself, which, being rubbed off during incubation from the bird's under parts, adorn the interior and rims of the edifice. Indeed, I have seen the eggs reposing on a regular bed of feathers. And occasionally you may see sundry feathers of small birds—victims of the chase—likewise clinging to the nest. But all this is accidental, I am sure.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

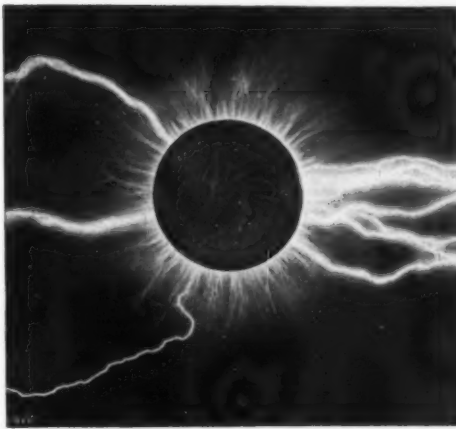
A JAY AND MISSEL-THRUSH'S EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

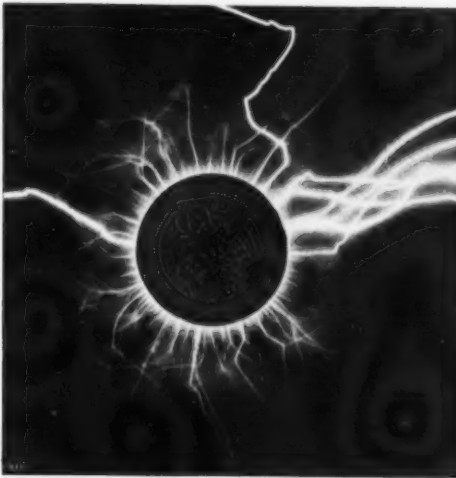
SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of a jay in the act of sucking the eggs of a misel-thrush. I was waiting to photograph the misel-thrush at the nest



BURGLARY.



POSITIVE DISCHARGE.



NEGATIVE DISCHARGE.

Afterwards I repeated the experiment several times with different coins and various strengths of currents. The results I obtained are very striking. I cannot explain the reason of it, but perchance some of your readers may be able to say something about it.—W. H. SIKES.

TWIN FOALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The foals in the accompanying picture are twins bred in the spring of 1909 by Messrs. W. and R. Smallridge of Binscombe Farm, Godalming, a bay colt



TWINS.

with black points and a dark brown filly. The photograph was taken while they were a few weeks old; they are now a year old, and, though not so big as the single foals their mother has had, they have always done thoroughly well.—X.

A MYSTERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if you can solve the following mystery for me: Walking over a piece of moorland I came on a nest in a tuft of grass (I think a lapwing's nest). The eggs, four or five in number, were all smashed, and in the centre of the ruins lay an egg totally different from the others; this is one and three-quarter inches long, of an oval shape and white in colour, not unlike a small hen's egg, but the texture of shell is different. There is a fir wood near at hand.



A LORD MAYOR'S CUP.

a spruce tree, about twenty-five feet from the ground. Next day I took the head-keeper with me, and we found ten eggs in the nest, which had evidently been a wood-pigeon's to start with. I shall be glad to know if any of your readers can give any other instances of pheasants laying in trees so high off the ground.—
Cecil S. Joy, Flixton Hall Estate Office, Bungay, Suffolk.

A VILLAGE HORNER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—At Bainbridge in Yorkshire a charming old custom has been rescued from the extinction which threatened it. In olden days the surrounding country, which now displays such rich green pastures, was clothed entirely with wild forest, wherein, we are told, roamed many savage beasts. It was the usage then during the winter months—from the Feast of Holy Rood to Shrovetide—to blow a great horn at ten o'clock at night for the guidance of all benighted wanderers. In 1864, when an inclination was shown to discontinue the practice, a Yorkshireman sent from South Africa the magnificent horn of an Afrikander ox for the purpose of reviving the ancient custom, and to this day the

The only water, so far as I noticed, was in small dabs. I should have added that the white egg was whole but for a small hole in the side of it.—
J. M. W.

AN OLD CUP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—The photograph with this is of a gift cup, which was presented to Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor of London in 1678. It was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1901, and the following description was in the catalogue: "Many of the details recall those of the Oldenburg drinking horn in Rosenberg Castle, believed to be the work of Daniel Areteus of Corvey, in Westphalia, German late fifteenth century."—W. CLAYTON.

PHEASANT AND WOOD-PIGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—While walking through one of the coverts on this estate I noticed a hen pheasant sitting on a nest built in

horn-bowing is duly performed throughout the winter, two pounds a season being paid to the village "horner" who undertakes the duty, and the horn being kept on view and exhibited with pride to all visitors. Bainbridge is a very ancient village, the Rose and Crown Inn, its only hostelry, being mentioned in the Domesday Book, and a great portion of the quaint little place dating from the same era. The natives are proud of the antiquity of their village, and try to preserve old buildings and relics. On the green, close to the quoits alley, one may see the stones which acted once as supports for the village stocks, and there has been of late a talk of restoring the wooden fittings, whether merely as a lesson in history or as a warning to the disorderly in the present day, I cannot say; but it is possible that the continuance of one ancient custom has suggested to the wives of unruly husbands the revival of another.—E. H. G.

A NEST IN A TEAPOT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—The enclosed photograph will, I think, interest many of your readers, as showing the great amount of perseverance possessed by the small members of the feathered tribes. The photograph shows the interior of a very small annexe to a wooden observatory used by my children as a playhouse. Both observatory and annexe had, with the exception of a small skylight in the former, been closed till about two weeks ago for nearly six weeks. When the annexe door was opened it was found that two robins had built their nest in a Japanese teapot hanging in the corner by the little window, and there are now three eggs in the nest. From the materials that are seen hanging from the nest and upon the floor directly beneath the teapot, it is clear that the birds in their frequent and difficult flight from the skylight must have often failed in placing the leaf or piece of wool, hair or moss they carried in its proper or destined position, and the materials falling to the floor eventually built up (when the workers are borne in mind) the enormous heap shown in the picture in the corner of the building. The only other solution explaining the collection of leaves, etc.,



WHERE DOLLS LIE BURIED.

would appear to be that the robins had found two of the children's dolls on the floor, and had given them decent burial in accordance with the details of the old nursery story.—R. E. E. SPENCER.

WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of our terriers, all thorough game workers, who will hunt the thickest covert and go to ground anywhere. We use them for badger-digging, and sometimes for bolting foxes, and they have unearthed a great many of both this season. I think this proves that shows have not spoiled the West Highland white terriers, as these are all winners at championship shows. Their names, from left to right, are Swaites Reanag, Swaites Gaisgeach, Swaites Jura, Swaites Saighdear and Swaites Cabhag.—ISABEL PORTMAN.



THOROUGH GAME WORKERS.